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ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, 1869.

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I. THE GREAT ROMAN REVOLUTION.

IN the famous controversy between Julius Cæsar and Brutus the present age takes a different side from the last. Brutus used to be considered in the right, but public opinion now declares for Cæsar. Cæsar's partisans, however, may state their case in two ways. They may represent him as having simply achieved a great administrative reform, and made government more efficient at the expense of republican liberties. This they may consider to have been on the whole a necessary and useful work, and they may respect Cæsar as a practical statesman, who had the wise hardihood to abolish venerated institutions when they had become, in the lapse of time, mischievous. But it is also possible to represent him as a great popular hero, the hope of all the subject nationalities of Rome, carried to power in their arms, and executing justice in their behalf upon the tyrant aristocracy that had oppressed them. If we take this view, no admiration or enthusiasm for him can be too ardent; and we not only regard Brutus and Cæsar differently from our fathers, but as it were reverse their positions. Cæsar becomes Brutus, and Brutus Cæsar. Brutus is now the tyrant, for he represents the oppressive aristocracy, and Cæsar is the tyrannicide, who armed himself in the cause of the nations, and stabbed the oppressor,

once at Pharsalus, again at Thapsus, and again at Munda.

This latter view might be supported if we could assume that all the consequences of the revolution which Cæsar conducted were intended by him and by his party. By that revolution in the end the exclusive domination of the Roman aristocracy and of the City was destroyed; the provincials, who before had been insolently oppressed, now began to be more considered and more mercifully treated. If this could not have happened without the deliberate intention of those who achieved it, then the Cæsarians become at once enlightened Liberals, and Cæsar the greatest Liberal leader that ever lived. We are obliged then to suppose a vast tide of enthusiastic sentiment pervading the better part of the citizens, and the provincials moved by an ecstatic hope as the champion of mankind advances towards his final triumph, striking down one after another the enemies of the good cause. The Roman revolution is thus made to resemble the French, and Cæsar becomes a hero, a paragon, in whom appear the popular talents of Mirabeau, without his betrayal of the popular cause; the high aims of the Girondins, without their illusions; and the genius of Napoleon for war and government, without his egotism and brutality.

But the truth is that what Cæsar and his party intended is to be carefully distinguished from what they actually accomplished. The revolution had many beneficial results, which were indirect and little contemplated by its principal authors. If we study the movement itself we shall find that Cæsar was no champion of the provincials, that his party had no notion of redressing the wrongs of the provincials, that they were inspired by no desire to establish any general principle whatever, and by no enthusiasm except a military enthusiasm for their leader. The true nature of the revolution will very clearly appear, and its resemblance to the French Revolution will be shown to be an illusion.

It is certain, in the first place, that Cæsar did not in any degree owe his elevation to the favour of the provincials. He owed his elevation to the admirable efficiency of his army, and to his admirable use of it. This army contained no doubt Gallic auxiliaries, but the great muster of provincials was on the side of the Senate. Cæsar's provincial auxiliaries were better drilled, and, like his Roman legionaries, they were no doubt personally attached to him; but that he was the champion of their interests against the Senate never occurred to them. There is no trace that the provinces conceived themselves to have any special interest in the quarrel. According to their personal connexions with the two leaders they ranged themselves on one side or the other—the East for the most part with Pompeius, while Gaul was at the service of Cæsar. Their hearts, apparently, were not in the contest at all; but, if we ask on which side were their hands, we shall be obliged to reply that so little did they understand Cæsar to be their champion that the majority of them were ranged against him on the side of their oppressors.

But let us go on to ask, Why should they have regarded Cæsar as their champion? What was there in his career which might lead them to suppose him more kindly disposed to them than any

other proconsul of his time? His most conspicuous act was the conquest of Gaul. Let it be granted that the greatest service he could do to Gaul was to conquer it. Let us even grant, for the sake of argument, that he was himself aware of this, that he acted from purely philanthropical motives, and distinctly understood the conquest of Gaul to be a necessary stage of the evolution of humanity. Still his conduct was surely of a nature to be misunderstood by Gaul itself and by the provincials generally. His goodwill towards the non-Roman populations was not so apparent that it could not be mistaken. He stood before them covered with the blood of slaughtered Gauls, an object certainly more pleasing to Rome than to the subjects of Rome. He might not be detested so much as the plundering, peculating proconsuls, but he must have been more feared; and so far from appearing to the provincials a deliverer from the tyranny of Rome, he must have seemed to represent and embody that tyranny in its most irresistible and inexorable form.

But perhaps Cæsar had, at some earlier time, identified himself with the provincials; perhaps he had introduced measures calculated to better their condition and enlarge their franchises; perhaps he had expressed disgust at the treatment they met with, and sympathy with their suffering. The answer is, that he had not distinguished himself in any such way. One or two prosecutions of extortionate provincial governors which he had undertaken could not give him any such distinction. Such prosecutions were recognised as the established way by which young men brought themselves into notice, and also as an established way of annoying the Senate. Yet these prosecutions were the only service he had ever rendered the provinces. In his consulship, at the time when he was the recognised leader of popular legislation, he had not appeared as the champion of the provincials, but of quite a different class, whose interests were, if anything, somewhat antagonistic to the

interests of the provincials—the poorer class of Roman citizens.

Again, if Cæsar was no champion of the provincials, neither was his party, nor those earlier leaders of the party to whose position he had succeeded. Their constituency from the beginning had been a different one. When the great controversy was opened by Tiberius Gracchus, there were in the Roman world, not to count the slaves, three aggrieved classes: first, the poorer class of Roman citizens; secondly, the Italian allies, who had not yet been admitted to the Roman citizenship; thirdly, the provincials. Now if the party which the movement of Gracchus called into existence, and which went on increasing its influence until, in the person of Julius Cæsar, it triumphed over itself and its enemies together, had really been the party of the provincials,—if the Gracchi, and Marius, and Saturninus had been representatives of the interests of the empire as against the interests of the ruling city, they would have taken up the cause of all these aggrieved classes. The Italian allies, and still more the provincials, as the most numerous and the most oppressed class, would have claimed a larger share of their sympathy than the poor Romans. Yet, in fact, none of these leaders had ever said a word about the provincials, except, indeed, to propose that lands taken from them should be granted to Roman colonists. On the Italian allies they had not been altogether silent. Caius Gracchus had even undertaken their cause, but it then appeared clear not only that the party he represented was a different one, but that it was a party decidedly hostile to the Italians. The inclusion of the Italians in the colonization scheme of Marius also, according to Appian, “gave offence to the democracy.” The truth is that there had been men in Rome whose liberality was real and comprehensive, but they were not among the democratic leaders, the predecessors of Cæsar. Two men in particular had disregarded party watchwords, and had indulged sympathies not purely Roman. Both of them were aristocrats, and in-

clined rather to the senatorian than to the popular party. These were Scipio Æmilianus and the great Roman Whig Drusus. The former died probably by the hand of an assassin when he was on the point of bringing forward the cause of the Italians. The other succeeded for a moment in effecting a coalition between a section of the *noblesse*, a section of the people, and the Italians, and was prevented by an accused dagger from earning a place among the most beneficent statesmen of all history.

The Italians forced their way through the pale of citizenship by a war in which the Senate and the democracy were allied in deadly hostility to them. Marius, the uncle and immediate predecessor of Cæsar, fought against them in this war, no less than Sulla, the champion of the aristocracy. When Cæsar appeared upon the scene, therefore, the cause of the Italians was already won, and there remained only two aggrieved classes—the Roman proletariat, crushed for the time by Sulla, and the provincials. Now it was the former, not the latter of these classes of which Cæsar made himself the champion. The provincials, as such, found no champion. Particular misgoverned provinces were from time to time patronized by rhetoricians who were equally ready, as Cicero showed himself, to take a brief from accused and evidently guilty governors; but neither Cæsar, nor any one else, ever raised the cry of justice to the provincials. Except in the case of the Transpadane province—a province only in name, being within the limits of Italy, and already in possession of the inferior or Latin franchise—Cæsar connected himself before the civil war with no measure of enfranchisement, and had given no pledge to the world that any oppressed class except the Roman populace would be the better, or have any reason to be thankful, for his success. No writer of the time regards Cæsar in the light of an emancipator. Cicero gives no hint that Cæsar's partisans defended his conduct on those grounds. That somewhat vacillating politician repeatedly in his letters balances the two parties against

each other. He explains why, on the whole, he prefers Pompeius, but he has much to say against Pompeius also. In these letters we might expect to find Cæsar's championship of the provincials, if he had ever undertaken or was supposed to have undertaken any such championship, discussed, and either allowed or rejected. Cicero, as a student of philosophy, was quite alive to enlarged and philanthropic considerations; if any such considerations made for Cæsar, we should surely have heard of it. But there is nothing in his letters to show that in the hot discussions which must have been everywhere going on any general principles were appealed to by the Cæsarians; that it had occurred to any Cæsarian to suggest, what occurs so naturally to us who know the sequel, that it was a monstrous injustice that the world should be governed in the interest of a single city; that the Senate were the authors and supporters of this system; that Cæsar was the man to put it down, and had undertaken to do so. The Cæsarians were a party without ideas.

It is most easy to delude ourselves into the belief that what actually happened was intended to happen; and since in this revolution the provinces did something towards throwing off the yoke of Rome, to describe the revolution as a convulsive effort on the part of the provinces to throw off the yoke of Rome. But the facts are before us, the process by which the revolution was accomplished can be clearly traced, and we can see that the provinces had no share at all in the revolution by which they ultimately benefited; that it was a purely Roman movement; that the evil—for there was such an evil—which the revolutionaries struggled against was of quite a different nature, and that the relief which the imperial system actually brought to the provincials was an indirect and secondary consequence of a general improvement in the machinery of government.

How, then, did the revolution really come about? Undeniably the immediate cause of the revolution was the practice, which had gradually sprung up,

of conferring upon eminent generals for special purposes powers so extravagant as to enable the holders of them to rise above the laws. Where such a dangerous practice prevails revolution is at once accounted for. Such an experiment may be tried, and no revolution follow; but at Rome it was tried often, once too often. How, then, came the Romans to adopt such a practice? What, on the one hand, was the occasion which led them to appoint these dangerous dictators? On the other hand, how came they to overlook the danger? To both these questions it is possible to give a satisfactory answer, and to answer these questions is to explain the revolution.

Republicanism at Rome, though successful and glorious for so long a time, had, perhaps, always been, as a creed, confined to a class. Long after the expulsion of the kings, it had been necessary to watch with extreme jealousy every individual who drew public attention too exclusively to himself. Cassius, Manlius, Mælius, perished for their eminence, and this shows how large a proportion of the citizens were felt still to retain monarchical predilections. But the republic succeeded so well that such jealousy at length became unnecessary; the glory and the regal disposition of Africanus brought no danger to liberty, though they clouded the last years of the hero himself with moody discontent. The disease, however, was only kept under, it was not cured. The government of a person was the instinctive preference of the lower orders, though the great families were able, as it were, to divide their allegiance among themselves. Anything which should weaken or disorganize this firm union of ruling houses, anything which should sever the lower orders from them, would in a moment bring the monarch upon the stage again. For more than half a century after the mortal struggle with Hannibal the ascendancy of the nobles over the lower orders continued unbroken, and then, through the mere growth of the population and change of circumstances, it

began to decay. It was simply a moral ascendancy; by the constitution, the rabble of Rome could at any time take into their own hands legislation and government. The first Gracchus, with perfectly pure intentions, showed them the way to do this. The second Gracchus, influenced perhaps by revenge and party-hatred, took this city rabble in hand, organized them, and formed them into a standing army of revolution. Spurius Mælius, in an earlier age, had been suspected of aiming at the tyranny when he sold corn at a low price to the poor during a famine. Caius Gracchus adopted the same plan. By his *lex frumentaria* he at once demoralized, and attached to the cause of revolution, a vast class which had before been in the tutelage of the aristocracy. The bond was now broken that attached the people to the hereditary rulers. And how little this people cared for republican liberty became apparent the moment it began to think and act for itself. It did not at once destroy the existing government. The habit of deference and obedience long remained in a people naturally as deferential and fond of aristocracy as the English themselves. But as soon as any cause of discontent arose, or public needs became pressing, they took refuge at once in a monarch, whom they created, indeed, only for a limited period, but from whom they neither took nor cared to take guarantees that he would ever give back into their hands the power which they had entrusted to him. Thus Caius Gracchus was supreme until his liberality began to include the Italians. Marius was supreme for five years,—had, in fact, a longer reign than Julius Cæsar. Pompey in his turn received as much power as he cared to use; and, finally, by the Vatinian law, the people plainly told Cæsar that they were his subjects as soon as he chose to be their king. At this point the people disappear; in all subsequent contentions the two parties are the Senate and the army.

Still the people showed no eagerness for revolution. As I said, it was only in cases of need that they created a

monarch. And it was only because these cases of need occurred frequently that monarchs were frequently created. And here arises the second question, What were these needs for which no other expedient could be devised? Perhaps it was the oppression practised by the senatorial governors upon the provincials. If so, then it would be true that the imperial system was introduced in the interest of the subject nationalities. But nothing of the kind appears. In the quarrels between the Senate and the moneyed class (called knights), the wrongs of the provincials are often paraded, for both the Senate and the moneyed class had a strong interest in the provincials, the one as governors, the other as tax-farmers. But the democracy never concerned themselves in any way with the treatment of the provincials, for it was a question which did not at all affect their interests. Quite different were the reasons which led them to call in dictators, and, if we examine the different cases, we shall find that the real motive was always the same. There was one evil to which the empire was constantly exposed; one evil to cure which, and to cure which alone, the imperial system was introduced.

What made the people give supreme power to Marius, and continue it to him for five years? First, the failure of the aristocratic government to carry on the war with Jugurtha; afterwards, the imminent danger of the empire from the Cimbri and Teutones. What made them give extraordinary powers to Pompey, and afterwards extend and increase them? First, the alarming spread of piracy in the Mediterranean, stopping trade and threatening the capital with famine; next the necessity of exerting unusual power to crush Mithridates. What made them give extraordinary powers to Cæsar? Rumours of an intended emigration of the Helvetii, raising apprehensions of a danger similar to that which Italy had experienced from the Cimbric invasion. Nothing can be more certain than the connexion of cause and effect in these cases. The history of the introduction

of imperialism is briefly this: government at Rome was so little centralized that the empire was unable to grapple with any really formidable enemy that assailed it either from without or within. To save themselves from destruction they were compelled, or thought themselves compelled, to resort frequently to the obvious expedient of a dictator. The more frequently they did this, the more did the republican government fall into disuse and contempt, the more did men's minds and habits adapt themselves to a military régime. The new scheme of government, whenever it was tried, succeeded. It accomplished that for which it was created. It gave the empire inward security and good order; it crushed foreign enemies, and extended the boundaries of dominion from the Rhone to the Straits of Dover, and from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. What wonder that in the end it supplanted the older constitution, when its advantages were so unmistakable, and the one thing it took away, Liberty, was that which the proletariat of Rome and the democracy of Italy had never either understood or valued?

The Jacobins used to think of Cæsar as a great aristocrat, patriotically assassinated by the noble *sans-culotte*, Brutus. I confess it seems to me not much less untrue to describe him as a champion of nationalities, and a destroyer of aristocratic privilege and exclusiveness. It was the war-power, not the people, that triumphed in him. The people, indeed,—that is, the people of Italy,—were, in the first instance, the authors of his elevation, but it was not enfranchisement that they wanted, it was simply military protection. The enemies they feared were not a Catullus or a Cato, but Helvetian or German hordes. It was not aristocratic privilege they rebelled against, but aristocratic feebleness, the feebleness which had led to the shameful treaty with Jugurtha and the bloody defeat of Arausio.

That the revolution was a triumph, not of liberalism, but of military organization, will become still clearer if we now proceed to examine the new institutions

which it introduced. Had Cæsar lived longer, he would no doubt have stamped a liberal character upon his work. Though he was no champion of the provinces, and though he owed his elevation immediately to the army, and only remotely to the democracy, yet his disposition was liberal, and his statesmanship bold, original, and magnanimous. He might therefore have developed at once and forced into ripeness those germs of good in the new system which, as it was, ripened but slowly. He might have taken away from Italy that unjust precedence in the empire which she retained for three centuries, and raised the provinces to citizenship and participation in the honours of the State. This he might have done, but had he done it he would have accomplished another revolution. That the empire at that time did not require such changes, even if it would have borne them, is plain from the fact that his successor Augustus was able to found a secure and durable imperial system,—was able, in fact, to conduct the movement which his uncle had begun to its natural goal, without appealing to any liberal tendencies. Augustus was in all things aristocratically disposed; his institutions bear the stamp of a conservative, exclusive, old Roman spirit. This did not prevent him from proving a most efficient successor to the liberal-minded Cæsar. It did not prevent him from being more completely successful than almost any statesman in history. The explanation of this is, that Liberalism was not of the essence of Cæsar's work. It adorned his character, and helped him in his early struggles, but the revolution he accomplished was independent of it, and when divorced from it could go on just as prosperously as before.

After the new system had been permanently settled in the tranquillity of the Augustan age, the great change which had passed over the empire was found to be this: A standing army had been created, and thoroughly organized, a uniform taxation had been established throughout the empire, and a new set of officials had been created, all of a mili-

tary character, all wielding greater power than the republic had been accustomed to entrust to its officials, but, on the other hand, all subject to the effective and rigorous control of the emperor. In other words, in the place of anarchy there had come centralization and responsibility.

We have heard much lately of the power which all organisms possess of differentiating special organs to meet special needs. The operation of this law is very visible in human society. In fact, it might be maintained that the whole history of a state is the record of a series of such differentiations. To take a simple example from Roman history:—At an early time the kings, and afterwards the consuls, were at the same time generals in war and judges in peace. Life had not yet become complex. But, as population and activity increased, these functions showed a tendency to separate. At first all that the citizens were conscious of was, that it was necessary to have three men instead of two to do the work. So they created a prætor, with precisely the same functions as the consuls. But Nature knew better, and by the gradual operation of a silent decree took away from the consuls their judicial functions, and from the prætor his military functions. Thus a differentiation was accomplished: and whereas there had been before but one organ of government, there were now two unlike each other; and whereas before all authority was conceived as of one kind, it was now regarded as two-fold, administrative and judicial. Now we may apply this principle to the great Roman revolution, and describe it as a differentiation. War had originally been conceived as a function devolving equally upon the citizens. When the military season came on, the farmer or shopkeeper left his peaceful occupations, donned his armour, and presented himself before the consul in the Campus Martius. When the campaign was over, he went back to his work. But the larger the territory of the State became, the heavier the task that devolved upon its armies, the more numerous its dangers, the more

extensive its vulnerable frontier, the more imperiously did Nature call for a military differentiation. The special need must be met by a special organ. A special class of men must be set apart for special military functions. I have shown that it was the necessity of defending the State against its foreign enemies that caused the revolution. In the throes of this revolution the new organ made its appearance. On the restoration of tranquillity, the Roman Empire is seen to be guarded by an institution which had been unknown to the republic, by a standing army of twenty-five legions.

This change constitutes by itself a vast social revolution in comparison with which any changes in the form of political government are insignificant. The rise of standing armies in modern Europe is well known to mark a great epoch. But it was a much less sudden and radical change than the corresponding change in the Roman Empire. For when the citizen resigned his arms to the professional soldier, he did not merely, as might at first sight appear, relieve himself of a disagreeable duty, disencumber himself of a burden which hampered his industry. He did much more than this; he placed himself under entirely new conditions of life. He parted with all his traditions, and blindly undertook to explore a new world. In the first place he resigned his liberty. We in England, who have witnessed the reconciliation of standing armies with liberty, may have some difficulty in understanding how impossible was any such reconciliation in the Roman Empire. But it is undeniable that under the imperial system the Roman did lose his liberty. With an equivalent, or without an equivalent, he parted with it, and no one who examines the history can doubt what cause principally contributed to deprive him of it. The emperor possessed in the army an overwhelming force, over which the citizens had no influence, which was totally deaf to reason or eloquence, which had no patriotism because it had no country, which had no humanity because it had

no domestic ties. To this huge engine of despotism it was vain to oppose any resistance. Human free-will perished in its presence as in the presence of necessity. Not in institutions only, but in the hearts of men, liberty withered away, and its place was taken by servility and stoicism, and Byzantine Christianity. It may occur to us that checks to the emperor's authority over the army might have been devised. But these are modern notions. The army was called into existence not by enactments, but by revolution, and there was no collective wisdom anywhere, no parliament which could call attention to the danger, or discuss it, or provide safeguards against it.

But, at the introduction of standing armies, the Roman citizen parted with something else, something which lies not less near than liberty to the springs of human character. He parted with the conception of war as the business of life. The great military nation of the world—the nation which had bred up its successive generations to the task of subduing mankind, which by unrivalled firmness of cohesion, by enduring tenacity of purpose, by methodic study and science of destruction, had crushed all the surrounding nationalities, not with a temporary prostration merely, but with utter and permanent dissolution—now found its work done and its occupation gone. The destructive theory of life had worked itself out. The army itself henceforth existed mainly for defence, and the ordinary citizen was no longer concerned with hostilities of any kind, whether offensive or defensive. Human life was forced to find for itself a new object. The feelings, the aspirations, the tastes, the habits, that had hitherto filled it and given it dignity, became suddenly out of date. It was as if a change had passed over the atmosphere in which men lived, as if the temperature had suddenly fallen many degrees, making all customs obsolete at once, giving an antiquated and inappropriate look to the whole framework of life. It was a revolution which struck with incongruousness and abortiveness the

very instinctive impulses of men, placed an irreconcilable difference between habit and reason, preconception and fact, education and experience, temperament and reality, the world within and the world without. This might have a bright side. Poets sang of a golden age returned, and they hymned industrialism in exquisite language:—

"Agricola incurvo terram molitur aratro."

But the real enjoyment of the new state of things was still remote, and required to be nursed by habit. It was an uncomfortable transition when the old instincts and ardours were superannuated and no new animating principle yet discovered. The new bottles had come before the new wine: the loss was felt far more keenly than the gain; the parting guest was shaken by the hand more warmly than the comer. A sullen torpor reigned in the first years of the millennium of peace, listlessness fell upon the dwellers in that uncongenial Paradise; Mars and Quirinus were dead, and He who was to consecrate peace was scarcely born. Men were conscious of a rapid cooling of the air, of a chill gathering round them—the numbness that follows a great loss, the vacancy that succeeds a great departure:

*"In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint."*

I hope to return to this subject. Meanwhile, let me point out how the other institutions of the imperial system were determined by the presence of the standing army. Such a great force could not be kept up, particularly as Augustus renounced the profitable course of conquest, without a rigorous system of taxation. Augustus organized a land-tax for the whole empire, and laid the foundation of that fiscal system which in the end crushed the very life out of the people. Further, a great military system requires that great power shall be entrusted to individuals. Personal authority is the characteristic military principle. When, therefore, the standing army was organized, this principle received a great

development. From the beginning, the empire had many more great posts than the republic. It created the *legatus legionis* or commander of a legion (the legion had before been commanded in a very ineffective way by the tribunes in succession). This new officer, commanding more than six thousand men, held prætorian rank, and there were not less than twenty-five such officers at once. Besides this, three new prefectures were created—the prefecture of the prætorian guard, the prefecture of the city, and the prefecture of the watch. If we compare these new city officers with the city magistracies of the republic, we find that they confer a greater amount of power because their term is not limited to a year, and also that they all bear a military character, since an armed guard was attached to each. Another office, still more characteristic of the empire, was that of the *legatus Augusti*; this was the title given to the governor of one of the great frontier provinces. He united the functions of civil governor with the command sometimes of two or three legions and as many allied troops—that is, an army of twenty or thirty thousand men. He was appointed by the emperor, and, like every one else, responsible to him. It is true that the proconsuls and proprietors of the republic had often held power as great, and with less responsibility; but when the standing army was fully organized and the frontier of the empire finally determined, these great commands became permanent, and not merely occasional. The great legates of the Rhine were regularly appointed, always with much the same range of power; and as they were not chosen by the haphazard system of popular election out of a few privileged families, but selected with tolerable impartiality, for the most part, out of those who had approved their powers of government in inferior positions, they appeared much more considerable personages than the provincial governors of the republic. This seems to me the fairest side of the imperial system. Essentially military, it was an incomparable school of great

military officers. It produced in singular abundance men capable of great commands, and conducting themselves in such posts not merely with ability, but with justice and moderation, though generally also with the hardness of the military profession. Such men as Plautius, Corbulo, Vespasian, Agricola, Trajan, all held the post of *legatus Augusti*, and they are the glory of the empire.

Surrounded by this splendid staff of military officers, prefects, legates, and commanders of legions, appeared the Emperor. In modern history, only Napoleon has occupied a position at all similar,—absolute disposer of an army of 300,000 men, and keeping his eye at the same time on military operations as distant from each other as the Thames from the Euphrates. His power was from the beginning so great, and became so speedily unlimited, that we are apt to lose ourselves in generalities in describing it. But if we examine the process by which this power grew up, if we watch the genesis of Leviathan, we shall clearly see the special need which he was differentiated to meet—we shall plainly discover that he sprang, not out of democracy, not out of any struggle for equality between rich and poor, or between citizen and provincial, but out of the demand for administrative, and especially military, centralization. That Julius Cæsar began life as a demagogue is a fact which tends to confuse our notions of the system which he introduced. Let us rather fix our attention on Augustus, who founded and organized the empire as it actually was and as it lasted till the time of Diocletian. He began as a professed Senatorian, he acquired the support of the army, he became ultimately emperor; but with the democracy he never had any connexion. It was the object of his life to justify his own power by showing the necessity of it, and by not taking more power than he could show to be necessary. The profound tranquillity of his later years proved that he had satisfied the empire. The uneasiness and unrest which had filled the whole century that

preceded the battle of Actium had shown that the empire wanted something which it could not find. The peace that filled the century which followed it, the general contentment which reigned, except among the representatives of the fallen republic, showed that the empire had found that of which it was in search. Yet assuredly no comprehensive enfranchisement, no democratic levelling of classes, had taken place. If the ancient boundaries had been overleaped in the times of disturbance, Augustus devoted himself as soon as peace was restored to punishing such transgressions, and preventing the recurrence of them. His legislation is a system of exclusions, a code of privilege and class jealousy. It consists of enactments to make the enfranchisement of slaves difficult, enactments to prevent freedmen from assuming the privileges of the freeborn. He endeavoured to revive the decaying order of the patriciate, the oligarchy of the oligarchy itself—a clique which excluded Cato, and into which Augustus himself had gained admission only by adoption. He took pains to raise the character of the Senate, which was the representative of the aristocratic party, and to depress the Comitia, which represented the democracy. He bore, indeed, to his uncle a relation not unlike that which Sulla bore to Marius. Assuredly, any one who studies the Augustan age alone would conclude that in the long contest between aristocracy and democracy, aristocracy had come out victorious. Both parties, indeed, had sacrificed much, but in the Augustan age democracy was nowhere; aristocracy was on the lips of the prince and in his legislation; it was unfashionable to mention the name of Julius; the great historian of the age spoke with admiration, and nowhere with reproach, of his assassins, and earned from his master the epithet of the "Pompeian." Yet we are told this did not interrupt their friendship. The truth is, Augustus was very much a Pompeian himself: an aristocrat to the core, and sympathising with the old republic in all things, he

was yet the worthy and legitimate heir of his uncle, because he laboured successfully to complete what his uncle had begun; and this an aristocrat could do as well as a democrat, namely, to give the Roman world centralization.

Monarchy has often been used in the interest of the people as a means of coercing an insolent aristocracy. The Greek *ρόπαροι* of the sixth century B.C., were popular sovereigns of this kind. But monarchy can also be used in the interest of aristocracy itself. Thus the monarchy of Louis XIV. was oppressive to the people, and supported itself upon the loyalty and sympathy of the *noblesse*. Now the Roman world wanted monarchy for its own sake, that is, it wanted a strong and centralized government; whether the monarchy favoured the democracy or the aristocracy was a matter comparatively of indifference. The first monarch was democratic, the second aristocratic, but both were equally successful, both equally satisfied the wants of the time. For, unlike in most respects as Augustus showed himself to Julius, he followed him closely in the one essential point. Though without much talent or taste for war, he jealously kept in his own hands the whole military administration of the empire. Here alone he showed no reserve and wore no disguise, though in assuming civil powers no monarch was ever more cautious, or showed more anxiety not to go further than public necessity forced him. He became permanent commander-in-chief; and—what shows clearly the conception which was formed of his special function—all provinces which were in the neighbourhood of an enemy, and in which a large military establishment was to be kept up, were committed to his care, and governed by his commissioners. He assumed, besides, the power of a proconsul in every province, by which means he became a kind of Governor-General of all the conquests of Rome. If we examine the powers which were given to Pompey in the war with the pirates, we shall see that they were very similar to these, and

that in fact the imperial system may be considered as a kind of permanent Gabinian Law, an arrangement by which a general was empowered to wield at his discretion all the military force of the empire, and to interfere in civil government so far as he might consider the military exigencies of the State demanded. It confirms this view to find that the most serious embarrassment which Augustus met with, particularly in his later years, was the evident superiority in military ability of Agrippa to himself, for this superiority carried with it a sort of natural title to supersede Augustus as emperor, and the difficulty was only surmounted by a kind of tacit compact by which Augustus bound himself to deny Agrippa nothing, and Agrippa not to claim all, while in the meanwhile they placed themselves as much as possible in distant parts of the empire, and so avoided the danger of a collision. This view at the same time explains the infinite alarm with which Augustus received the news of the defeat of Varus in Germany, and the loss of three legions. Rome had weathered much worse storms than this. But what struck Augustus was that his system could not stand for a moment if it did not secure that for which it existed, the safety of the frontiers; that liberty and republican pride would be felt to have been sacrificed in vain, that Cato, and Pompey, and Cicero, and Brutus would seem to have been martyrs, if the empire was still liable to barbaric invasion.

Considered in this light, the imperial system will appear to have had for a long time a splendid success. Though the imperial period is inferior as a period of foreign conquest to the period of Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and Cæsar, this is not owing to any military superiority of republicanism, but to the fact that the imperial system had been practically introduced long before it was legally recognised. It was not by republicanism, but by a temporary suspension of republican principles that the great generals I have just mentioned achieved their conquests. Pompey in the East

and Cæsar in Gaul were as absolute as Trajan, and it was because they were so that they had such great success. Their conquests, therefore, may be claimed for the imperial system, though not for the imperial period; and to estimate the military effectiveness of the republican system, we must look back to the disastrous years when general after general succumbed to Jugurtha's gold, and army after army to Cimbric hordes. It is true that the imperial system did not in the long run succeed, that the very evil which it was created to avert fell in the end upon the empire, that the frontier was passed at all points, and that the barbaric world overbore the Roman. But two centuries passed before the system showed any signs of inadequacy.

Such, then, in its design and in its direct working was the imperial system, simply a concentration of military force. But since it affected such a vast area, its indirect consequences are not less important than its direct ones. Of these the principal were two, the extinction of liberty, and the increase of material happiness. Of the first I have already spoken; it is displayed in a striking light throughout the history of the Senate in its relation to the emperors. The Senate had always been the vital institution of republican Rome. In it was embodied the force which had resisted Hannibal, which had made the Italians into a compact and homogeneous people, which had subjugated Sicily, Spain, Greece, and Carthage. Without this institution, this body of life-peers freely chosen by a people who liked neither self-government nor slavery, but liberty to choose their governors—without the freedom of each senator with respect to the rest, and the freedom of the people in the election of the Senate, Rome could never have become great. The popular assemblies had always been insignificant by the side of the Senate, and Augustus was right to elevate the Senate rather than the popular assemblies when he wished to persuade the people that their venerated republic still existed.

Henceforward the Senate and the emperor confronted each other like the past and the present. The Senate was respected; it was replenished with the leading men of the time; trouble was even taken by the emperors to maintain its character; it was eloquent; its debates and the lives of its members preserved the tradition of old Roman virtues; it was allowed to talk republicanism, and to canonize the "*Pharsalica turba*," the martyrs who had fallen in resisting Cæsar; it was highly cultivated and fond of writing history, a dignified literary club. But it had not power, in truth it had not reality. It is a painful or a majestic phenomenon, according as it acts or refrains from action. When it acts, it is like Lear with his hundred knights brawling in his daughter's palace. In a moment the wicked look comes upon Regan's face; the feeling of his helplessness returns upon the old man, and the *hysterica passio* shakes him. But so long as it remains passive it is an impressive symbol, and there is something touching in the respect with which the emperors treated it. Seldom has any State shown such a filial feeling towards its own past as the Romans showed in the tenderness with which they preserved through centuries a futile and impotent institution, because it represented the institutions of their ancestors. Like a portrait of the founder of the family in some nobleman's house, such was the Senate in the city of the Cæsars. It was not expected to move or act; nay, its moving seemed prodigious and ominous; it was expected "picture-like to hang by the wall;" and so long as it did this it was in no danger of being despised or thought superfluous, but, on the contrary, was held precious and dear.

Meanwhile liberty was actually dead, and several centuries passed in which Europe resembled Asia. That effeminacy fell upon men which always infects them when they live for a long time under the rule of an all-powerful soldiery. But with effeminacy there came in process of time a development

of the feminine virtues. Men ceased to be adventurous, patriotic, just, magnanimous; but, on the other hand, they became chaste, tender-hearted, loyal, religious, and capable of infinite endurance in a good cause.

The second indirect consequence was an increase of material happiness.

The want of system, which had exposed the empire to foreign enemies, had created at the same time much internal misery. Imperialism, introducing system and unity, gave the Roman world in the first place internal tranquillity. The ferocious civil conflicts of Marius and Sulla had sprung out of republican passions, which were now for good as well as for evil stilled. The piracy which had reigned in the Mediterranean was no longer possible with a permanent Gabinian Law, with a Pompey always at the head of affairs. One new danger, indeed, was introduced—the danger of military revolutions; but, formidable as the power of the army was, it was found possible to restrain it from the worst extremities for two centuries. The dreadful year 69, which recalled the days of Cinna, was the only serious interruption to the tranquil course of government between the accession of Augustus and the death of Aurelius. Whatever Cæsar took from his country, he gave it two centuries of peaceful government.

Once more: he gave to the government of the empire a somewhat more equitable spirit. It was not for this purpose that his army raised him to power, but centralization carried with it of necessity this result. The cruelty with which the provinces were governed was of the kind that is always produced in government by want of system. There was no one upon whom it was incumbent to consider the interests of the provinces. The Senate, to which all such affairs were left, consisted of the very men who had the strongest interest in plunder and extortion. The provincial governments were divided among the aristocracy as so much preferment; the whole order lived upon the plunder of the world, and nothing is more manifest

than that such a system could never be reformed from within. The difficulty of getting the House of Commons to put down bribery at elections would have been as nothing compared to the difficulty of inducing the Roman Senate to reform the government of the provinces. The new power which was now created proved very serviceable for this end. The emperor had no interest in any misgovernment; he was in a position to judge it coldly, and he had power to punish it. At the same time, in the general revision of the whole administration which now took place, the establishments of the provincial governors were put upon a better footing, and, in particular, stated salaries were assigned to them. A better system undoubtedly was introduced, and we may believe that the monstrous misgovernment of the republic passed away. From this time it may probably be said of the countries conquered by Rome that they were better governed than they had been in their times of independence. But it does not appear that they were governed positively well. Oppression and extortion, though on a reduced scale, seem still to be the order of the day.

In conclusion, then, that great controversy between Cæsar and Brutus, that question whether Cæsar was a benefactor or a scourge to his kind, seems to me too vast to be answered with any confidence. The change he accomplished had remote consequences not less momentous than the immediate ones. If the nations owed to him two centuries of tranquillity, it is not less true that the supremacy which he gave to military force in the moment when

he ordered the passage of the Rubicon, led to the frightful military anarchy of the third century, and ultimately to the establishment of Oriental sultanism in Europe. If he relieved considerably the oppression of the provinces, he also destroyed the spirit of freedom in the Romans, and I do not feel able to calculate exactly how much is lost when freedom is lost. But what it is hard for us to compute, I am persuaded that Cæsar himself could calculate far less. Like other great conquerors, he had "the hook in his nose," and accomplished changes far more and greater and other than he knew. He had energy, versatility, and unconquerable resolution, but he was no philosopher; and yet to measure in any degree the consequences of such actions would have taxed an Aristotle. I believe that he looked very little before him, that he began life an angry demagogue, with views scarcely extended beyond the city; that in the anarchy of the time he saw his chance of rising to power by grasping the skirts of Pompey; that in Gaul he had no views that any other proconsul might not have had, only greater ability to realize them; that at the head of his army and his province he felt to the full a great man's delight in ruling strongly and well; that during this period the corruption of the Senate and the anarchy of the city became more and more contemptible to him, but that in the civil war his objects were still mainly personal; and that it was not till he found himself master of the Roman world that his ideas became as vast as his mission, and that he became in any way capable of understanding the purport of his own career.

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER III.

AFTER this day, the Curate's family began painfully to recognise, that they were really "poor" people.

Not that Mr. Scanlan's salary was small; indeed, the Rector had been most liberal: but the real property of a family consists, not so much in what comes in, as in what goes out. Had they never been richer than now, no doubt they would have considered themselves tolerably well off, and have received smiling even the third little "encumbrance," which ere long made the cottage too busy and too noisy for Mr. Scanlan to "study" there with any sort of comfort. Not that he was fond of reading, or ever read very much; but he liked to have his books about him, especially the Greek and Latin ones: it "looked well," he said. He had come to Ditchley breathing a great aroma of classical learning, and he did not like it to die out: it gave him such an influence in the parish. So he was much annoyed to find that it was now difficult to keep up the appearance of a man of literature; for instance, his few books had daily to be cleared away that the family might dine upon his study-table—and though that rarely incommoded him personally, he being so often absent at the dinner-hour—and invariably on "fast-days," as Bridget called them, she having been once a Catholic. She was not one now; having soon expressed her willingness to turn Protestant, or indeed any religion that Mrs. Scanlan chose: she wished to go to heaven with her mistress, she said, and how she went, or by what road, was of no great consequence.

These "fast-days" were always made a joke of, by both her, her mistress, and the children, who were brought up to

accept them as natural circumstances. But the truth was, the little family did not eat meat every day; they could not afford it. They always chose for their maigre days, those days when Mr. Scanlan was out—which happened pretty frequently—for he had all the parochial visiting to do: the parish was large and the houses scattered. Moreover, he was so agreeable—had such a deal to say for himself, and such a pleasant Irish way of saying it, that everybody was delighted to see him. His welcome from house to house was universal, and his invitations were endless. At first he used to refuse them, not liking to go anywhere without his wife; but when her accompanying him began to grow difficult, nay impossible, he refused less and less. The neighbours were so very pressing, he said, and he could not well offend his own parishioners. Gradually, as summer advanced, their eagerness for his society grew to that pass, that he might have dined away from home every day in the week; in fact he often was absent three or four days out of the seven.

At first, I think, his young wife fretted a good deal about this. She did not care to have him stopping at home all day long; the children were a weariness and a trouble to him, for there was no nursery to hide them in; and besides, she could not do her duty properly to them when he was there. Nor to him—as she often vexed herself with thinking—when they, poor little pets! were always wanting her, and always in the way. But she would have preferred to see her husband come regularly home of evenings. She would have liked to sit and watch for him across the common at a certain fixed hour; to have known that—punctual as the sun—he would have come in and shone upon her; her

sun-rising being at the ordinary sun-setting—the close of the day. It would have been good for her, and sweet to her, she knew, if, though he disliked to be troubled and worried—and she should always avoid that—he had taken a kindly, husbandly interest in things at home. It would have helped her, and made her strong, braver, and fresher to bear the thousand little household burthens, that are, in the total, so heavy—men have little idea how heavy!—upon women's weak shoulders. Especially young women—who have yet to learn how God fits the back to the burthen, and how He never suffers the brave heart to fail, however tottering may be the feeble knees.

But Mr. Scanlan did not seem to understand these little difficulties of his wife. He was very kind, very affectionate; but it never occurred to him that she, being young and inexperienced, needed help as well as love, shelter as well as sunshine. He was very good when all was smooth and bright, but when any temporary cloud came over Wren's Nest, as clouds will come—slight sicknesses of the children, or small domestic cares of any kind—he just slipped away, and left her to bear the brunt of the battle. True, when he reappeared, he overwhelmed her with praise for having borne it so exceedingly well; which was most pleasant to his wife's heart—so pleasant that it seldom occurred to her till afterwards that the battle might have been easier, had she not been left to fight it single-handed.

Still, a husband at home all day is a great nuisance, especially with a young family; and she was not always sorry for Mr. Scanlan's absence, particularly at dinner-time. Women can put up with so many things that are intolerable to men. When butcher's meat ran short, Bridget developed quite a genius for puddings, which delighted the children amazingly. And then their mother tried her delicate hand at various French cookeries which she remembered out of "the days of her youth," as she began to call them now, and especially the *pot-*

au-fou, which her mother used to see when, as the young demoiselle of the château, she was taken by her nurse to visit old Norman cottages. She loved to tell about this wonderful Normandy to her little César, who listened eagerly, with the precocity not rare in eldest children, when the circumstances of the household compel them to the lot—often a most happy one—of being constantly under the mother's eye, and constituted the mother's principal companion.

These details I take from the Saturday night's journal, which Mrs. Scanlan kept so scrupulously and for so many years. It was, as I have said, written in French, her fondly-remembered native tongue, but it was not at all French in its style, being quite free from that sentimental exaggeration of feeling which makes French journals and letters of the last century or half-century seem so queer and affected to our British undemonstrativeness. Hers was as plain, as accurate, as if she had been the "thorough Englishwoman"—into which, as their summit of well-meant praise, her neighbours told her she was growing. She records the fact, but makes no comment thereon.

Nor will I. I believe firmly in the science of anthropology; that you might as well expect to evolve certain qualities out of certain races, as to grow a rose out of a tulip; but you can modify both rose and tulip to an almost infinite extent, cultivating their good points, and repressing their bad ones; and to quarrel with a tulip because it is not a rose, is certainly an act of supreme folly, even though one may like the rose far better. I myself own to having a warm love for roses, and a strong aversion to tulips; yet when a certain great and good man once took me to his favourite tulip-bed, and dilated on its merits, exhibiting with delighted admiration the different sorts of blooms, I felt tempted to say within myself, Can I have been mistaken? is a tulip a desirable, not a detestable, flower after all? And I was such a tender hypocrite to my old friend, that I had not the courage to confess

I had detested tulips all my life, but meant henceforward to have a kindly feeling towards them—for his sake.

So those of my readers who hate French people and Irish people, with their national characteristics,—may be a little lenient to both, as they read on farther in this story.

Mrs. Scanlan's neighbours, though they did pay her these doubtful compliments, as to her foreign extraction, were very kind and neighbourly. They admired her without being envious of her, for indeed there was no need. She came into competition with none of them. The young ladies, unto whom her beauty might have made her a sore rival, were quite safe—she was already married. The matrons, with whom she might otherwise have contested social distinction, were also secure—she never gave entertainments, and competed for the queenship of society with no one. The one field in which, had she fought, she must certainly have come off victorious, there being no lady for miles round who was her equal in qualities which I think are more French than English—in the gifts of being a good talker, a better listener; of making people comfortable together, without knowing why; and of always looking so sweet and pleasant and pleased with everything, that all people were perforce pleased, both with themselves and her;—from that grand arena Mrs. Scanlan retired; and so soon that nobody had time to dislike her for succeeding in it.

She had another quality which made her popular at Ditchley—she always sympathised with her neighbours, and interested herself warmly in their affairs, without ever troubling them with her own. I remember a certain line out of a once popular ballad, which then struck me as a very unfair balance of things, but which I have since recognised as the easiest and safest plan after all, with regard to all but the one or two intimate friends that one makes in a lifetime—

"So let us hope the future as the past has been will be;
I will share with thee thy sorrows, and thou thy joys with me."

It illustrates exactly the unconscious creed and daily practice of Josephine Scanlan.

Thus, narrow-minded as Ditchley was in some things—as all country towns necessarily must be and were then, before the era of railways, much more so than now—it had a warm heart, and kept the warmest side of it to the Curate's wife, a stranger though she was. Of her small outside world, Mrs. Scanlan had nothing to complain. It may have criticised her pretty freely: very likely it did; but the criticisms fell harmless. She never heard them, or if she had heard, would not have heeded. She was so entirely free from ill-nature herself, that she never suspected it in others. If people talked about her, what harm did it do her? She was very sure they never said anything unkind.

And, strange to relate, I believe they never did. She was so entirely simple and straightforward—ay, from the first day when she explained, quite unhesitatingly, the dire mystery which had agitated Ditchley for weeks, the Scanlan & Co. porter bottle!—that spite laid down its arrows unused, meanness shrank ashamed into its own dark corners, and even malice retired abashed before the innocent brightness of her unconscious face.

"Everybody likes me," she said of herself at this time. "I really don't know why they do it, but I am sure they do. And I am so glad. It is such a comfort to me."

Was she beginning to need comfort—outside comfort—even already?

Her outside gaiety was certainly ceasing by slow degrees. She was invited as usual, with her husband; but gradually it came to be an understood thing that Mr. Scanlan went and Mrs. Scanlan remained at home. "She could not leave the baby," was at first a valid and generally accepted excuse, and by the time it ceased to be available, her absence had become such a matter of habit, that nobody wondered at it. For awhile the "everybody" who liked her so much missed her a little, and even

remonstrated with her as to whether she was not sacrificing herself too much to her family, and whether she was not afraid of making Mr. Scanlan angry, in thus letting him go out alone? "Oh no!" she would reply, with a faint smile, "my husband is not at all angry. He quite understands the state of the case."

He did understand, after his fashion—that is, he presently discovered that it is somewhat inconvenient to take into society a wife who has no carriage to go out in, but must spoil her elegant attire by walking. Or still worse, who has no elegant attire at all, and wherever she appears is sure to be dressed more plainly than any lady in the room.

It may seem ridiculously small, but the subject of clothes was now growing one of the burthens of Mrs. Scanlan's life. She had never thought much of dress before her marriage, and afterwards her rich toilette had been accepted by her both pleasantly and naturally. Everybody about her dressed well, and so did she, for her husband liked it. Fortunately her good clothes were so many, that they lasted long after her good days—that is to say, her rich days—were done.

But now the purple and fine linen began to come to an end, and were hopeless of replacement. The first time she went to Ditchley to buy herself a new dress, which her husband declared she must have, she was horrified to find that a gown like one of her old worn-out ones would involve the sacrifice of two months' income to the little household at Wren's Nest. So her dream of a new silk dress vanished: she brought home a muslin one, to the extreme indignation of Mr. Scanlan.

Poor man! he could not understand why clothes should wear out, and as little why they should not be perpetually renewed. He had never seen his mother dress shabbily—why should his wife do so? His wife, upon whom his credit rested. If she had only herself to consider, it would not have signified; but a married lady—the Reverend Edward Scanlan's wife—was quite another thing.

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He could not see the reason for it: she must be learning slatternly ways; yielding to matronly untidiness, as he saw young mothers sometimes do—which he always thought a great shame, and a great unkindness to the husband. Which arguments were perfectly true in the main, and Josephine recognised the fact. Yet the last one went rather sharply into the young matron's heart.

She changed her style of dress altogether. Her costly but no longer fresh silks and satins were put away—indeed, they fell away of themselves, having been remodelled and altered to the last extremity of even French feminine ingenuity. She now appeared almost exclusively in cotton print of a morning, in white dimity of an afternoon: dresses which Bridget could wash endlessly, and which each week looked fresh and new again. Her children the same. She could not give them a clean frock every day, as their father wished—every other child he saw had always a clean frock on, and why not his children?—but she dressed them in neat blue-spotted pinafores—blouses she called them—the familiar French name—with a plain leather belt round the waist—and they looked so pretty, so very pretty!—or she and Bridget thought so many a time.

It is a curious and sad indication of how things changed after the first sunshiny summer at Wren's Nest, that the mistress and servant seem to have settled their domestic affairs together, and shared their domestic griefs and joys, very much more than the mistress and master. Whenever there was a sacrifice to be made, or a vexation or fatigue to be endured, it was they who suffered;—anyhow, *not* Mr. Scanlan. Mrs. Scanlan contrived to shield her husband—almost as she did her little children—from any household perplexity or calamity, and especially from a certain dim sound heard in the distance, every day approaching nearer and nearer—the howling of that blatant beast, "the wolf at the door."

"Hardships are so much worse to him than to me," she would reason. "With me, it is but just going back to old times,

when I lived at home with my father—and we were so very poor—and so very happy too, I think—whereas with my husband it is different. He has been rolling in money all his life—poor Edward!”

No doubt this was true. Nor do I wish to judge the Curate more harshly than his wife judged him. Besides, people are variously constituted; their ideals of happiness are different. I can imagine that when Josephine Scanlan sat in front of her neat cottage—with César and Adrienne playing at her feet, and her baby-boy asleep on her lap—sewing hard, for she had never done sewing—yet stopping a minute now and then to refresh her eyes with the sweet landscape—green low hills, smooth and sunny, which shut out the not very distant sea, beyond which lay *la belle France*, which she had always dreamed of, but never beheld,—I can imagine, I say, that it mattered very little to Josephine Scanlan whether she lived in a great house or a small one; whether she went clad in satin and velvet, or in the common dimity gown, which Bridget often sat up half the night to wash and iron for Sundays, and in which, as she went to church with a child in either hand, poor Bridget declared, the mistress looked “like an angel just dropped from the sky.”

Whether the rest of the congregation were of that opinion cannot now be discovered. They still paid occasional visits to Wren's Nest, stopping in carriage-and-pair at the garden-gate, and causing Bridget a world of flurry to get a clean apron and smoothe her hair before rushing to open it. But it is a very different thing, paying visits in a carriage after an idle morning, and paying them on foot after a morning's hard work in arranging the house affairs and looking after the children. Mrs. Scanlan had to explain this—which she did, very simply—to such of her husband's parishioners as were specially kind to her, and with whom she would have liked to associate, had fate allowed. Her excuses were readily and graciously accepted; but, after a time, the

natural results of such an unequal balance of things ensued. Her visitors became fewer and fewer: sometimes, in winter, whole weeks passed without a single foot crossing the threshold of Wren's Nest.

Necessarily, too, there came a decline in other branches of parish duty that Mr. Scanlan considered essential, and urged his wife to keep up; which she did at first to the utmost of her power—Dorcas societies, district visiting, village school-feasts, and so on; various forms of benevolence which had lain dormant until the young curate came. Ditchley, having a very small number of poor, and abounding in wealthy families with nothing to do, soon found charity a charming amusement; and the different schemes which the new clergyman started for its administration, made him very popular.

But with Mrs. Scanlan the case was different.

“I can't sit making clothes for little negroes, and let my own children run ragged,” said she once, smiling: and arguing half in earnest, half in jest—for she found that the latter often answered best—with her husband, who had been sharply reproving her. “And, Edward, it is rather hard to sit smilingly distributing fuel and blankets to the ‘believing poor,’ as you call them, when I remember how thinly-covered is poor Bridget's bed, and how empty our own coal-cellar. Still, I will do my best, since you wish it.”

“Do so—there's a dear girl!” replied he, carelessly kissing her. “Charity looks so well in a clergyman, and a clergyman's wife. And, besides, giving to the poor is lending to the Lord.”

Mrs. Scanlan cast a keen glance at her husband—she always did when he said these sort of things. She had begun to wonder how much they meant—at least how much he meant by them, and whether he really considered their meaning at all. I am afraid, for a clergyman's wife, she was not as religious a woman as she ought to have been; but she had had too much of religion when she lived in Merrion Square. In that

particular set to which her husband belonged, its cant phraseology had been painfully dinned into her ears. She recognised all the intrinsic goodness of the Evangelical sect, their sincere and earnest piety, but she often wished they could do without a set of stock phrases—such as Edward Scanlan had just used—which gradually came to fall on her ear as mere words, implying nothing.

"Lending to the Lord!"—said she. "Then I wish He would begin to pay back a little that He owes me. I wish He would send me a new pair of shoes for each of the children. They want them badly enough."

At which Mr. Scanlan looked horrified, especially as this unfortunate speech had been made in presence of his rector, Mr. Oldham, who had just come in for a call. Possibly, he did not hear, being very deaf, and using his deafness sometimes both conveniently and cleverly.

He was the one visitor whose visits never ceased, and were always welcome, for they caused no inconvenience. If the mother were busy, he would be quite content to talk to the children;—who liked him well enough, though they were a little afraid of him, chiefly through their father's always impressing upon them that they must behave so exceedingly well when they went to the Rectory—which was now almost the only house in the neighbourhood they did go to. At first, when César and Adrienne had acquired sufficiently walking capabilities and good manners, their father amused himself by taking them about with him pretty often; but being not angels, only children, they sometimes vexed him considerably. They would get tired and cross; or, from the great contrast of living at home and abroad, they would be tempted—poor little souls—to overeat themselves, which naturally annoyed the Curate much. By degrees both they and their mother found that going out with Papa was not unmixed felicity; so that when the habit was given up, it was a relief to all parties.

Gradually, the parents and children seldom appeared in public all together, except when they were invited to the

Rectory—as they had been lately—to enjoy a strawberry feast, in the garden of which its owner was so justly proud.

"I am glad you approve of my roses," said Mr. Oldham, when, with a half-deprecating, half-threatening look at his wife, lest she should make some other unlucky observation, Mr. Scanlan had disappeared on important parish business. "I often think, madame,"—(he changed his old-fashioned "madam" into madame, out of compliment to her birth, and because he liked to air his French a little),—"I think, my garden is to me what your children are to you. I only hope it may be equally flourishing, and may reward me as well for all my care."

The Rector was sitting in the porch, his stick between his knees—he always wore breeches, gaiters, a long coat, and a large clerical hat—watching César, who was pulling up weeds in the somewhat neglected borders in front of the garden, but doing labourer's work with the air and mien of a young nobleman in disguise, a real *Vicomte de Bougainville*. One does see these anomalies sometimes, though I grant not often; poor gentlefolks' children are prone to sink to the level of the ordinary poor; but Josephine had taken great pains in the up-bringing of hers. As her eyes followed the direction of Mr. Oldham's, and then both their eyes met, there was in one countenance a touch of envy, in the other of pity,—which accounted for his frequent visits and the kindly welcome which she always gave him.

That is, of late years. At first, Mrs. Scanlan had been rather shy of her husband's rector, perhaps like the children, because her husband always impressed upon her the importance of being civil to him. Not until she found this needless—that the little old bachelor exacted nothing from her, and that, moreover, there was nothing to be got out of him—did Josephine become as friendly with Mr. Oldham as she was with her other neighbours. Her coldness seemed rather to amuse him; nor did he ever take

offence at it. He admired openly her beauty, her breeding, her good sense; and with his own pedigree, a yard long, hanging up in his hall, it is probable that he did not think the less of his curate's wife for being descended from so many noble De Bougainvilles.

What the old Rector thought of his curate, people never quite discovered. He kept his opinion to himself. When the parish went crazy about Mr. Scanlan, his beautiful sermons, his many accomplishments, Mr. Oldham listened, silent; when, as years ran on, a few holes were picked in the Curate's coat, he listened, equally silent. But he himself always treated Mr. Scanlan with pointed respect, courtesy, and consideration.

He sat watching the children—there were four now, "baby" being exalted into Louis, and another little white bundle lying across Mrs. Scanlan's lap, as she sat busy at her ceaseless needle even while she conversed with her guest.

"Another girl, I understand, for I am to have the pleasure of christening her next Sunday. Are you offended with me, madame, for declining to be godfather? As you are aware, your husband asked me?"

She was not aware, and would have disliked it extremely; but she would not betray either fact, and therefore only smiled.

"What do you mean to do with your eldest son?" pointing to César. "As I was saying to his father, it is high time he went to school. But Scanlan tells me he prefers teaching him himself."

"Yes," said Josephine briefly, for her visitor had touched upon a sore point. In early days her husband had been very proud of his "son and heir," who was a fine little fellow, the image of the grandfather whose name he bore—for all the children had French names, Mr. Scanlan not caring to perpetuate the Dennis's and Judiths of his ancestry. He had insisted on educating César himself—who could so well teach a boy as his own father? Only, unfortunately, the father had no aptitude for teaching, was extremely desultory in his ways,

and, as he gave the lessons chiefly for his own amusement, took them up and relinquished them whenever it suited him. Consequently, things went hard with little César. He was a bright, bold, noble lad, but he was not particularly clever nor overfond of his book. Difficulties ensued. Not that Edward Scanlan was one of your brutal fathers: he never lifted his hand to strike his son—I should have liked to have seen the mother's face if he had!—but he made her perpetually anxious and restless, because "Papa and César did not get on together," and because, in spite of Papa's classical acquirements, her big boy, the pride of her heart, was growing up a great dunce.

Yet when she suggested sending him to school, Mr. Scanlan had opened eyes of the widest astonishment. What necessity was there? when he could teach him himself at home. Besides, how could they possibly afford the expense of schooling, when only lately she had told him, the father of the family, that he must do without a suit of new clothes for another six months? Differences ensued, which ended in César's remaining another year at home, while his mother learnt Latin in order to teach him herself. And, somehow or other, his father appeared at the next visitation in a bran-new suit of best London-made clerical clothes, dined with the Archbishop, and preached a sermon on the text of "Charity suffereth long and is kind;" which was so much admired that he came home covered with glory, and, except that it was, fortunately, extempore, would have gone to the expense of printing and publishing it immediately.

Thus, when Mr. Oldham spoke, Josephine replied with that quick "Yes," and over her face came the shadow which he, who had all the quick observation which often belongs to deaf people, detected at once, and changed the conversation.

"I have my newly-married cousin, Lady Emma Lascelles, coming with her husband to dine with me on Thursday; will you come too? I asked Mr. Scanlan, and he accepted immediately."

"Oh yes of course he will be most happy."

"I should like you to meet Lady Emma," pursued the old gentleman; "she was a nice little girl, and I dare say has grown up a sweet young woman. She will be sure to take to you—I mean, you will suit her better than most of the ladies of Ditchley."

"Indeed!" said the Curate's wife, smiling.

"You see, they will all stand in such awe of her"—and there was a slight satirical expression on the Rector's thin mouth. "It is not often a 'lady' in her own right comes our way. Though the most innocent eagle that ever was, Emma will flutter our dovecote, even as Coriolanus 'fluttered the Volsces in Corioli.' You will see!"

"Shall I? No; I fear I shall not. I am sorry to decline your kindness, Mr. Oldham, but you know I never go out now. I have not been at a dinner-party for years."

"So your husband said; but he said also that meeting Lady Emma was an exceptional case, and that I was to persuade you to go, as he wished it extremely."

"Did he? did he really?" said Josephine, with a sudden glow of pleasure; she had not grown quite insensible to the amusements of life, still less to that keenest enjoyment of them—to a wife—the consciousness that her husband likes to enjoy them with her; that he is proud of her, and admires her himself, besides having a natural satisfaction in seeing other people admire her too. But scarcely had she spoken than the glow faded. "I think you must have mistaken him, Mr. Oldham. My husband knows very well I do not visit. Indeed, I cannot do it."

"Why not?"

The Rector was a daring man to put the question, but he had often wished to get an answer to it. Observant as he was, his observation only went a certain length; and intimate as Mrs. Scanlan now was with him, her intimacy had its limits too. So neat was Wren's Nest whenever he called, so great was

its mistress's feminine ingenuity in keeping in the background all painful indications of poverty, that the rich man, who had been rich all his days, never guessed but that his curate was exceedingly comfortable in his circumstances, indeed rather well-off for a curate. Thus, when he asked, "Why not?" he had no idea that he was putting any painful or intrusive question, or saying anything beyond an innocent joke, which, as an old man and a clergyman, he might well venture. When he saw Mrs. Scanlan look grave and troubled, he drew back immediately.

"I beg your pardon. Pray do not answer me."

"No; I think I had rather answer, once for all," said she, after a pause. "It is but honest, and it will prevent your thinking me ungrateful or rude. I have given up visiting, because, in truth, we cannot afford it."

"I am aware, madame," said Mr. Oldham, "that fate, which has given you almost everything else, has denied you riches; but I think that should not affect you socially—certainly not in the visits with which you honour my house. Let me hope still to see you on Thursday."

"I cannot," she said, uneasily; then laughing and blushing, "If there were no other, there is one very ridiculous reason. This is a grand bridal party, and I have no suitable clothes!"

"Why not come as you are? This is white," touching, half-reverentially, half-paternally, her dimity dress. "Would not this do?"

She shook her head. "I should not mind it; if I were dressed ever so plainly, I should like to come. But—my husband—"

She stopped, for the same slightly satirical expression crossed the old man's mouth.

"I have no doubt my friend Scanlan has perfect taste; and, being an old bachelor, I cannot be expected to understand how husbands feel on the subject of their wives' dress. Still, if I had a wife, and she looked as charming as madame looks at this moment what—

ever her costume might be, I should— But we will not further discuss the subject. Thursday is a good way off; before then I shall hope to bring you or your husband, or both, round to my opinion. May I go into the house, Mrs. Scanlan? for it is growing rather chill outside for an old man like me."

He went in, and sat an hour or more with her and the children; but, though he talked on indifferent subjects, and asked no further questions, she could see his sharp eyes wandering here, there, and everywhere, as if a new light had broken in upon him, and he was anxious to discover everything he could respecting the internal economy of Wren's Nest. Such a shabby little nest as it was now growing! with carpets wearing threadbare and curtains all darned, and furniture which had to be kept neat and pretty by every conceivable device—all those things which a woman's eye at once discovers, a man's never, unless they are brought pointedly to his notice, or his attention is awakened so that he begins to hunt them out for himself.

Mr. Oldham talked a good deal, and looked about him a good deal more; but not a syllable said he with reference to the matter which, the moment she had referred to it, Josephine could have bit her tongue off for doing so. Not that she was ashamed of her poverty, in itself—she had been brought up in too lofty a school for that—but she was ashamed of the shame her husband felt concerning it. And anything like a betrayal of it before his patron would have seemed like begging for an increase of income, which she knew Mr. Scanlan desired, and thought his just due, and which every half-year she had some difficulty to keep him from applying for.

Therefore it was a real relief to Josephine when the Rector said not a word more of the dinner-party, until, just as he was leaving, he observed, "By-the-bye, I quite forget I had come to consult you upon whom I should invite to meet Lady Emma."

"Me!"

"Who so fitting? Are you not hand-in-glove with all our neighbours? Do

they not come to you for advice and sympathy on all occasions? Is there a birth or a death or a wedding in the parish that you don't know all about before it happens?"

"It used to be so," she said, half-amused, half-sadly; "and if not now, perhaps it is my fault. But tell me whom you mean to invite. I should like to hear all about the entertainment, though I do not go. It is such an important event in Ditchley, a dinner-party at the Rectory, and to a young bride."

So she took pencil and paper, and made out a list of names, he dictating them—for the old man seemed quite pleased with his little outburst of hospitality—until they came to one at which Mrs. Scanlan stopped.

"Dr. and Mrs. Waters. No; that will be useless. She—she does not go out."

"Bless my soul, I had forgotten. How stupid of me!" cried Mr. Oldham; and then he too stopped, and his keen, inquisitive eyes sought Josephine's. But she had dropped them, and was making idle marks upon the paper, to hide a certain awkwardness. They had both evidently hit upon a subject in which each was uncertain how much the other knew.

"I ought not to have forgotten. My good old friend! Of course, I must ask him; and—his wife."

"You had better ask him without his wife," said Josephine, quietly, with her eyes still cast down. "If you ask her, and she hears of it, she is sure to want to come; and—she ought not to come."

"I suppose not. Poor Mrs. Waters! she is—ahem!—a great invalid."

Mrs. Scanlan was silent.

"I thought," said the Rector, clearing his throat, "that my poor old friend and I had arranged all between us, so that nobody in Ditchley was any the wiser for this—this sad affair. I hate gossip, and gossip about such a painful thing would be hard to bear. Waters and I took every precaution, and his house is a large house, and quite out of the town; one would have thought

a person could be—ill—there, without the whole town's knowing."

"I am not aware that the town does know; I hardly see how it can," said Josephine, gently, for she saw how troubled the Rector was. She well knew why, only she had not expected so much warm feeling in the cold-mannered, lonely old man, who was supposed to care for nobody but himself.

"But *you* know?" said he, anxiously. "Yes, from your face now I am sure of it. Tell me frankly, how much do you know?"

"Everything, I believe. I found it out by accident."

"How long since?"

"Six months ago."

"And you have never told—not a creature? And in the many times that I have spoken to you about the Waters family, you have never once betrayed that you knew anything? Well, you are a wonderful woman—the only woman I ever knew who could hold her tongue."

"Am I?" said Josephine, smiling, half-sadly, for she had had a few sharp lessons—conjugal and domestic—before arriving at that height of perfection.

Still anxious, Mr. Oldham begged she would tell him exactly what she knew, and there came out one of those terrible domestic tragedies, which people always hide if they can, and which had hitherto been successfully hidden, even from gossiping Ditchley. Dr. Waters' wife, of whom he was very fond, had suddenly gone mad, and tried to destroy both him and herself. The fit over without harm, she had partially recovered, but still required to be kept in strict seclusion as a "great invalid," appearing little outside her own house, and then only with her so-called "nurse,"—in reality her keeper. This woman, once meeting Mrs. Scanlan when she had lost her mistress on the common, and was frantically searching for her, had betrayed the whole sad truth, imploring her to keep the secret, which she did faithfully.

"Even from your husband?" inquired, rather pointedly, Mr. Oldham.

"Yes, It did not affect him, nor

would he have taken much interest in the matter," she answered, half-apologetically. She could not say the other fact—that he would have told it the next day, quite unwittingly, to everybody in Ditchley. "Besides, I had promised, and a promise ought to be kept implicitly."

"Certainly, my dear madame, certainly!"

The old man sat rubbing his hands, and looking at her with great admiration. "A remarkable woman—the most remarkable woman I ever knew!" Then, as a knock came to the door, "There is Scanlan coming home to his tea, and I must go to my dinner. I will just shake hands with him, and depart. Adieu, madame. Au revoir."

He bowed over her hand—his quaint, formal, little bow—and disappeared.

But the next day Mrs. Scanlan received by coach, from the largest linen-draper's shop in the county town, a magnificent silk dress, richer than anything ever seen in Ditchley. With it was an envelope, addressed to herself, containing these lines, written in French, and in the delicate, precise hand, which was at once recognisable, "From an old man, in token of his respect for a lady who can both keep a promise and hold her tongue about it."

Alas! by this time there was no need for Mrs. Scanlan to hold her tongue any longer. Mrs. Waters had had another "attack," during which she had gone—Ditchley never quite knew how—to that world where she would wake up in her right mind, and Heaven would be as tender over her as her dearly-loved and loving husband was, to the last, in this.

There was no dinner-party at which to show off the beautiful new gown; the Rector was too shocked and sad to give any. But Lady Emma came, and Mrs. Scanlan saw her, greatly to Mr. Scanlan's delight. Nay, the bride praised so warmly his Josephine, that he admired her himself more than ever, for at least ten days, and took great interest in the handsome appearance she would make in her new silk dress. But Mrs. Scanlan herself had little pleasure in it; and

though she thanked the Rector for it, and accepted it kindly—as indeed the kindness of the gift deserved—she laid it by in a drawer, almost as sadly as if it had been a mourning weed.

CHAPTER IV.

ON Josephine Scanlan's lovely face a slight shadow was now deepening every year and with every child—for a child came almost every year. Fortunately—or at least so said the neighbours—but did the mother?—fortunately, not all were living; but ere ten years were past, Wren's Nest contained six little nestlings, growing up from babies into big boys and girls—César, Adrienne, Louis, Gabrielle, Martin, Catherine. Josephine had insisted on this latter name, in remembrance of her gentle, kindly, vulgar, good old mother-in-law, now long gone to her rest. Curiously enough, except Adrienne, who was the plain one of the family, but, as if by tender compensation, the sweetest little soul among them all, the whole of the children were De Bougainvilles—handsome, well-grown, graceful; a young tribe that any mother might be proud of. And she was very proud of them, and very happy in them, at times—yet still the shadow in her face grew and grew.

There is a portrait of her, taken about this time, I believe, by a wandering artist who had settled for the summer at Ditchley, and with whom the Curate struck up one of his sudden friendships. Mr. Summerhayes, attracted by Mrs. Scanlan's beauty, requested permission to paint her, and afterwards, out of politeness, painted, as a companion picture, her husband likewise.

The two heads are very characteristic. The one is full of a lovely gravity, nay, something more, for the expression is anxious even to severity; in the other is that careless *insouciance*, which may be charming in itself, but which has the result of creating in other people its very opposite. That painful earnestness about great things and small, that unnatural and exaggerated "taking thought

for the morrow," which sometimes grows to be an actual misfortune, so as to make the misery of to-day—might never have come to Josephine, if her Edward had been blessed with a little more of these qualities. There is no need to do more than look at the two portraits, speaking so plainly through the silence of years, in order to detect at once the secret of their married life; how that the burthen which the man shirked and shrunk from, the woman had to take up and bear. Josephine Scanlan did this, and did it to the end.

Without murmuring either, except, perhaps, just at the first. There might have been a season when, like most young wives and many-childed mothers, she had expected to be cherished and taken care of; to be protected as well as loved; helped as well as admired; but that time had passed by. Not without a struggle; still it did pass, and she accepted her destiny; accepted it as a fact; nay, more, as a natural necessity. She was young and strong; physically, quite as strong as her husband, delicate though her appearance was; morally, no person who was in their company for an hour could have doubted the relative calibre of Mr. and Mrs. Scanlan. A man is not necessarily "a man," in the true spiritual sense, because he happens to wear coat and trousers: nor is a woman always of the "weaker sex," because she has a soft voice, a quiet manner, a feeble and feminine frame. I have seen many and many a couple in which, without any great external show of the thing, Nature seemed to have adapted herself to circumstances, and "turned the tables" in a most wonderful way between husbands and wives, giving to the one wherewithal to supply the other's lack; and that so gradually, so imperceptibly, that they themselves scarcely recognised how completely they had changed places—the man becoming the woman, and the woman the man. A sad sight, theoretically: but, practically, often not so sad as it seems.

Possibly, Mrs. Scanlan grew to be dimly conscious of one fact as concerned herself and her husband,—that, whether

or not she was the cleverer, he being always considered such a brilliant and talented young man,—she was certainly the stronger, wiser, more sensible of the two. But at any rate she experienced its results, and accepted them, and the additional duties they involved, with a great, silent courage, such as the urgency of the case demanded. For she was a mother, and mothers must never know either despondency or fear.

If she began to look anxious and careworn, so careworn that it spoiled her beauty and made her husband gradually become indifferent to whatever sort of dress she wore, it was no wonder. The mere thought of her children was enough to weigh her down night and day; to say nothing of the incessant physical weariness of taking care of so many little folk, bright, loving, mischievous monkeys, who had all the activity of healthy, country-bred children, placed under the very simplest discipline, and a discipline that was, of necessity, wholly maternal: for the father took less and less notice of them every day.

She did not spoil them, I think—at least Bridget protested she never did; that she always kept a wholesome authority over them, and never indulged them in any way. Poor little souls! there was small opportunity for indulgence in their primitive, all but penurious life; but she was obliged to see them growing up around her, almost as wild as young colts; deprived of every advantage which good food, good clothes, good society, and above all good education, give to young people; that unconscious influence of outward things, which affects children, even at that early age, far more than we suspect.

Their mother saw all this; knew all that they lacked; which she would have given anything to provide them with. Yet here she was, bound hand and foot with the iron bands of poverty; able to do almost nothing for them, except love them. She did that. God only knows how a mother's heart goes out to her children—with a perfect torrent of passionate devotedness—when in its other channel, deepest and holiest of all,

the natural stream is slowly drying up; or, becoming, as Wordsworth mournfully sings of it, no longer a living fountain, but

“A comfortless and hidden well.”

I have no right to take anything for granted: but straws show which way the wind blows: and I find in Mrs. Scanlan's journal, hidden under its safe French, many a sentence such as this, which betrays a good deal more than appears on the surface.

“My poor Adrienne is ailing, which casts a gloom over the whole house, and makes me busier than ever; for she has grown to be such a help to her mother, dear child! I wish I could take her to the sea, if only for a week; but how could I leave home; leave Papa all to himself? Things would be sure to go wrong if I did; and, besides, Edward would be so very uncomfortable. Nor should I like to propose it: for it would cost a deal of money; nearly as much as that projected journey of his to London with Mr. Summerhayes, against which I have set my face so firmly, telling him he must give it up; we could not possibly afford it.

“Nor can we. Even with all the lightening of my housekeeping through Mr. Oldham's kindness” (the Rector had long ago given the children what he called “a quarter of a cow,” namely a can of new milk daily, with eggs and butter, fruit and vegetables in unlimited supply, from his own farm and garden)—“even with all this, I shall scarcely succeed in making ends meet this Christmas; and if we have any extraneous expenses out of the house, we shall not be able to pay our Christmas bills. And oh! what a terrible thing that would be; sorer than anything which has yet happened to us.”

Sore things had happened them, occasionally; but she rarely noted them down except by implication. This, perhaps, was one of them.

“César, mon petit César, wearies me to let him learn drawing of Mr. Summerhayes. Not that he has any particular talent for it, but it amuses him,

and he likes it better than his book. And it takes him away from home—from our poor little house—going sketching about the country with Papa and Mr. Summerhayes. Not that they do much work; indeed, I think Mr. Summerhayes has little need to work, he is not a 'poor' artist apparently; but it is a lively, wandering pleasant life, such as most men take to eagerly. I wish Edward did not take to it quite so much; it does no good, and it is very expensive. I myself have no great faith, nor a very warm interest in this Mr. Summerhayes. Still, he is a pleasant young fellow enough; my husband likes him and so do my children, especially my two eldest. Poor little Adrienne, who at eleven years old is twice as clever as her brother in her drawing as in other things, though she is such a tiny dot of a child—Adrienne, I see, quite adores Mr. Summerhayes."

"My" children—alas! a deep meaning lies under that small word, that unimpressive, apparently unimportant "my."

There came a period in Mrs. Scanlan's marriage—as it does in many a marriage, which looks comfortable enough to the world, and jogs on fairly to the last—when the wife was gradually becoming absorbed in the mother.—Now, a voice at my elbow, and one I cannot choose but listen to, knowing it is often both wiser and tenderer than my own, whispers that this is a wrong thing, a wicked thing: that any woman who deliberately prefers her children to her husband is unworthy the name of wife. To which I reply that no man, worthy the name of husband, need ever fear that his wife *will* love him less than she loves her children—the thing is unnatural, improbable, impossible. But all the shams in the world will not exalt an unworthy husband into a position which, even if he had it, he could not keep. He will find his level, and the children will find theirs, in the heart which is never likely to be very false to either.

But of that mysterious thing, love, it is as true as it is of most other things,—what people win they must earn. When Josephine de Bougainville mar-

ried Edward Scanlan, she was a mere girl, little beyond a child, and he a grown man, at least he considered himself as such. When she developed into the woman that she was, a creature embodying more than any one I ever knew Wordsworth's picture of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,"—

he remaining still what he was, an average young man, no better than most young men and inferior to many,—the difference between the two showed fearfully plain. Less in their mental than in their moral stature: Edward Scanlan was a very clever fellow in his way; brilliant with all Hibernian brilliancy, and the Hibernian aptitude of putting every talent well forward, so that, like the shops in the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royal—all the jewellery was in the windows. Of mere brains he had quite as much as she: or even if he had not, it would have mattered little. Many a clever woman loves passionately a not particularly clever man, when she sees in his nature something which is different from, and nobler than, her own. And seeing this she can always place herself, quite naturally, in the inferior attitude, which to all women and wives is at once so delicious and so indispensable.

But to wake up from that love-dream and find that its object is quite another sort of person from what he was fondly imagined to be; that her affection towards him must, if it is to continue at all, entirely change its character, and become not a loving up but a loving down—an excusing of weaknesses, a covering over of faults, perhaps a deliberate pardoning of sins—this must be, to any wife, a most awful blow. Yet it has happened, hundreds of times; and women have survived it, even as they survive love-disappointments, and losses by death, and other agonizing sorrows, by which Heaven teaches us poor mortals that here is not our rest; and that, deeper than anything stock phraseology can teach, comes back and back upon us the lesson of life—to lay up our treasure

not over-much in this world, but in that world "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

The blow falls, but, happily, it seldom falls suddenly. And being so utterly irremediable, women, especially those who have children, become reconciled to it; make the best of it; take it as other women have done before them, and pass gradually out of its first blinding darkness into that twilight stage of much-enduring matrimony, which seems to be the lot of so many, and with which so many are apparently quite content. Nevertheless, to those happy wives, who, thank God! know what it is to live daily and hourly in the full daylight of satisfied love, such a region appears only a better sort of Hades, peopled with the flitting ghosts of departed joys.

Into that silent valley of endless shade, the young matron, Josephine Scanlan, had slowly passed.

I do not allege that her husband was unkind to her: personal unkindness was not in his nature; he was far too easy and good-tempered for that. It would almost have been better if he had been a little unkind sometimes. Many a bad-tempered man is not essentially a bad man, and a woman like Josephine could have borne patiently some small ill-usage, had it come from a husband whom in other things she could deeply respect. I have heard her say sometimes, "that common men break their wives' heads, and gentlemen their hearts: and the former was a less heinous crime than the latter." Be that as it may, I think she herself would have borne any personal wrong easier than to sit still, and endure the maddening sight of watching her youth's idol slowly crumble down into the very commonest of clay.

It may be urged, first, why did she set him up as an idol, when he was but an ordinary man? Well, that may have been a very silly thing, yet do not all women do it? And would their love be much worth having if they did not do it?—Secondly, finding him to be

what he was, why did she not try to improve him?

It is a melancholy fact, that some men cannot be improved. A strong nature, warped to evil, may be gradually bent back again to good; but over a weak nature no person has any power; there is nothing to catch hold of; it is like throwing out the ship's sheet-anchor into shifting sands. Edward Scanlan's higher impulses were as little permanent as his lower ones. "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," had been his curse through life; though—so bright and sweet are the self-delusions of youth—it was not for some years that his wife discovered it.

And, mercifully, Ditchley did not discover it at all, at least not for a long time. It was one of those failings which do not show outside. He was still the most interesting of men and of clergymen; played first fiddle in all societies; and if he did hang up that invaluable instrument at his own door, why, nobody was any the wiser: his wife never told. Perhaps, indeed, it was rather a comfort to her to have the fiddling silenced within the house—it would have been such a cruel contrast to the struggle that went on there: the continual battle with toil, poverty, and grinding care.

The one bit of sunshine at Wren's Nest was undoubtedly the children. Rough as they were, they were very good children, better than many rich men's offspring in their self-denial, self-dependence, and uncomplaining gaiety amidst all deprivations, which they, however, having never known anything better, did not much feel. Here, too, the Irish light-heartedness of their faithful Bridget stood them in good stead; and their mother's French adaptability taught them to make the best of things. The little girls began to do house-work, sew, and mind the baby; the little boys to garden and help their mother in all sorts of domestic ways; and this at an age when most children are still in a state of nursery helplessness, or worse. The incessant activity of little people, which in well-

to-do households finds no outlet but mischievousness, here was always led into a useful channel, and so did good instead of harm. Work became their play, and to "help Mother" their favourite amusement. She has many an entry in her diary concerning them, such as this:—

"This morning, Adrienne, standing on a stool at my ironing-table, began to iron pocket-handkerchiefs, and really, for her first attempt, did it quite beautiful. She was so proud; she means to do it every week now, and I mean to let her, provided it does not injure her poor back, which not yet is as strong as it should be. I shall not, however, allow her to carry the next baby." Alas! the "next" baby.

Or this:—

"César and Louis went up to the Rectory all by themselves, to fetch a great bundle of young cauliflowers, which my children are so fond of, saying, when I cook them *à la Française*, meat at dinner is quite unnecessary. They planted them all by themselves, too. Papa said he would show them how, but he happened to be out. He takes very little interest in the garden; but my two boys are born gardeners, and love every inch of the ground, and every living thing upon it. I wish they may make it produce more than it does, and then we need not accept so much from the Rectory. It is always a bad thing to be too much dependent upon even the kindest of neighbours; and so I often say to the children, telling them they must learn to shift for themselves—as assuredly they will have to do—and try and be as independent as possible.

"I had to tell them yesterday that they must try and do without sugar to their tea—grocery is so very dear now. They pulled a vry face or two at the first cup, but afterwards they did not complain at all, saying 'that what Mother did, surely they could do.' My children are such exceedingly good children."

So it came to pass that finding, young as they were, she could actually respect and trust them more than she could

their father, she gradually loved them best. A mournful truth; but does any mother wonder at it? I, for one, do not.

No household is very dreary so long as it has children in it—good children, and merry with all the mirth of youth. The little Scanlans must have had their fill of mirth; their happiness made their mother happy also, in a sort of reflected way. She was still young enough to become a child with them, to share in all their holiday frolics, their primrose gatherings, hay-makings, nuttings, skatings, and slidings. All the year round there was something doing; in the endless variety which country children enjoy. But from these festivals the father was usually absent. They were "not in his line," he said; and when he did go, he enjoyed himself so little that the rest of the young party found in plain language "his room was better than his company." That grand and lovely sight—I use advisedly these strong adjectives—of a father taking a day's pleasure with all his children, round him; stooping from his large worldly pursuits to their small, unworldly one; forgetting himself in the delight of making them happy—with a happiness which they will remember long after he is laid in dust—this sight was never seen at Ditchley, so far as concerned the Scanlan family. If Ditchley ever noticed the fact, reasons for it were never lacking. Poor Mr. Scanlan's parish duties were so very heavy;—it was quite sad to think how little he saw of his family—how continually he was obliged to be away from home.

That was true; only, strange to say, nobody at home seemed much to miss his absence. Perhaps, unconsciously, the little folks betrayed this; and, as they grew up—being remarkably simple and straightforward children—found it difficult not to let their father see that they had discovered certain weak points in his character—inaccuracies and exaggerations of speech, selfishnesses and injustices of action—which discovery could hardly have been altogether pleasant to Mr. Scanlan. He gradually ceased to

look oftener than he could help into César's honest eyes, which sometimes expressed such intense astonishment, to say the least of it, at the father's words and ways; and he gave up petting little Adrienne, who sometimes, when he did something that "grieved Mother," followed him about the house with mute looks of such gentle reproach that he could not stand them. His love of approbation was so strong that he could not bear to be disapproved of, even by a child; but he did not try to amend matters and win approval; he only got vexed, and took the usual remedy of an uneasy conscience—he ran away.

Alas for his wife! the woman who had to excuse him not only to herself but to these others—the quick-sighted little people, whose feelings were so fresh and clear—what must her difficulties have been? And when, all excuses failing before her stern sense of absolute right,—the justice without which mercy is a miserable weakness or a cowardly sham—the duty towards God, which is beyond all obedience to man—she had, as her sole resource, to maintain a dead silence towards her children with regard to their father—how terrible her trial!

The only comfort was, that nobody knew it. Ditchley pitied the Curate's wife for many things: because she had such narrow means and such a large family; because, being such a charming, elegant, and accomplished woman, she was only a curate's wife, doomed to have her light hidden under a bushel all her days. But it never thought of pitying her for the one only thing for which she would have pitied herself—the blank in her heart where an idol should have been—the sad silence there instead of singing—the dull patience and forbearance which had taken the place of joy and love.

No wonder that her beauty began to fade, that her cheerfulness declined, or was only prominent in her intercourse with children—her own and other people's. Grown-up people she rather avoided; her neighbours, with whom she had been so popular once, said

among themselves that Mrs. Scanlan was not quite so pleasant as she used to be; was overriden by domestic cares, and growing rather unsocial, hard, and cold. Nay, some of them sympathised with her husband in having so little of a companion in his wife, and quite understood how it was he went out so much, and alone; one or two married ladies, who were very well off and had no children, blamed her openly for this; and said it was "all her fault if Mr. Scanlan went too much into society."

Mrs. Scanlan heard it, of course. Birds of the air always carry such a matter. She heard, and set her lips together in that stern hard line which was becoming natural to them,—but she said not a word. She never defended herself at all, either then or afterwards. So, by degrees, the kindest of the Ditchley ladies left her to herself, to carry out her lonely life at Wren's Nest, which was a good mile away from the town and its prying gossip. Often she passed days and weeks without receiving a single visitor, and then the visiting was confined to an exchange of calls, at long intervals, kept up, Ditchley owned, for civility's sake, and chiefly out of respect to Mr. Scanlan. He was popular enough; not run after quite as much as at first, perhaps, yet still very well liked in the neighbourhood, and always welcome in any society. But it was such exceedingly up-hill work keeping up acquaintance with Mrs. Scanlan.

One person, however, maintained towards her a firm fidelity, and that was the Rector. Not that he showed it in any strongly demonstrative way—he was by no means a demonstrative man—but he always spoke of her in the highest terms, as "a first-rate woman," and specially "a woman who could hold her tongue." And though, from something she let fall in thanking him for her silk dress, he delicately forbore making her any more personal presents, his thoughtful kindness with regard to the children was continual.

He did not raise his curate's salary, in spite of many a broad hint from that gentleman; but he helped the house-

hold in many a quiet way, often obvious to no one but the mistress of it—and to Bridget, who had a very great respect for Mr. Oldham—at least, so far as was consistent with her evident and outspoken disapprobation of men as a race, and especially as clergymen.

"I'd like to put my missis in the pulpit," said this excellent woman, who lived before the great question of women's rights was broached. "I wonder what she'd say? Anyhow, she'd say it better than most men; and she'd act up to it too, which isn't always the way with your parsons. Their religion's in their head and in their mouths; I'd like to see it a bit plainer in their lives."

This may show that the Curate's was not exactly a "religious" family. They kept up all the forms of piety; had prayers twice a day, and so on; the Bible, lying always open on Mr. Scanlan's desk, and tossing about in his coat-pockets, was read aloud enough, especially the Epistles, for all the household to know it by heart. But Bridget once told me, her mistress had confessed that, for years, to hear certain portions of the Bible read actually turned her sick, until she had laid it aside long enough to come to it with a fresh and understanding soul, free from all the painful associations of the past.

And so the Scanlan household struggled on, living "from hand to mouth"—with often a wide space between the hand and the mouth; while many a time it needed all Josephine's vigilance to take care that even the hand which led to the mouth—those poor hungry mouths of her dear children!—should be strictly an honest hand. For that creed of the De Bougainvilles, "*Noblesse oblige*," which held that a gentleman may starve, but he must neither beg nor borrow—this creed was not the creed of the Scanlan family. It was Mrs. Scanlan's hardest trial to keep sternly before her children's eyes that code of honour which her husband talked about, but neither practised nor believed in. And when at last the climax came—when their "difficulties" increased so much that it was

obvious the year's income could not possibly meet the year's expenses—then she recognised fully what a deathblow it is to all conjugal peace and domestic union, when the husband holds one standard of right and the wife another; or, rather, when it is the wife only who has any fixed standard of right at all.

As usual, the collapse came suddenly, that is, the discovery of it; for Mr. Scanlan would go on for days and weeks playing on the brink of a precipice, rather than acknowledge it was a precipice, or speak of it as such. He disliked even to open his lips on what he called "unpleasant subjects." He left all these to his wife. "Do you manage it, my dear," he would say; "you manage so beautifully." The little flattery only now awoke in her a passing smile, but she managed the troubles for all that.

At length a day came when she could not manage them any longer; when she was obliged to insist upon her husband's speaking out his mind to her upon the critical position of their affairs.

Very much astonished was poor Mr. Scanlan! Surely this pressure must be all a mistake, springing from his wife's overweening anxiety about money matters; an anxiety common to all mothers, he thought.

"It is not a mistake," said she calmly, though with a hot cheek. "See here!"

And she laid before him, written out, in plain black and white, all the sums they owed and all the money they had in hand to meet them. It was a heavy deficit.

Mr. Scanlan took up the paper carelessly. "How neatly you have set it all down, and what capital arithmetic! Really, Josephine, you ought to apply for a situation as clerk and bookkeeper somewhere."

"I wish I could!" said she beneath her breath; but her husband either did not or would not hear. Still he looked a little vexed.

"You should have told me this before, my dear!"

"I have told you, but you said it did not matter, and that I was not to trouble

you with it. Nor would I have done so, till the last extremity."

"I can't conceive what you mean by the last extremity. And how has it all come about? It must be your fault, for you manage everything, and spend everything."

"Not quite," said she, and put before him a second list of figures, in two lines, headed severally "House expenses" and "Papa's expenses." It was remarkable how equal the sum total of each was; and, naturally, this fact made Papa very angry. He burst out into some very bitter words, which his wife received in stolid silence.

I do not here praise Josephine Scanlan; I think she must have gradually got into a hard way of saying and doing things, which, no doubt, was very aggravating to the impulsive Irish nature of her husband. He was fond of her still, in his sort of selfish way, and he liked to have her love and her approbation. He would have been much better pleased, no doubt, had she put her arms about his neck with "Never mind, dearest Edward!" and passed the whole thing over, instead of standing in front of him thus—the embodiment of moral right—a sort of domestic Themis, pointing with one hand to those terrible lines of figures, and pressing the other tightly upon her heart, the agitated beating of which he did not know. But she stood quite still, betraying no weakness. The thing had to be done, and she did it; in what seemed, to her, the best and only way. There might have been another, a gentler way: but I do not know. Alas! that one unfailing strength of a wife, the power of appeal to her husband's conscience, certain that even if he has erred a little, his sense of duty will soon right itself; this engine of righteous power was wanting to poor Mrs. Scanlan. She had tried it so often and found it fail, that now she never tried it any more.

She stood in dead silence, waiting until his torrent of words had expended itself; then she said,—

"Now, without more talking, we had better see what is best to be done."

"Done? Why, what can we do?

Where was the use of your coming to me about all this? I'm not Midas; I can't turn pebbles into pounds!" And even in the midst of his annoyance Mr. Scanlan smiled at his own apt illustration.

His wife might have replied, that to throw away pounds like pebbles was more in his line, but she checked the sharp answer and made none at all.

"I cannot imagine what is to be done," he continued. "If we had any relatives, any friends to whom I could have applied——"

"We have none, happily."

"Why do you say happily? But I know your crotchets on this head. You are totally mistaken, Josephine. Friends ought to help one another. Does not Scripture itself say, 'Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.'"

"But Scripture does not say, 'Go a borrowing, knowing all the while that you never can pay.'"

"Nonsense! We should pay in course of time."

"We might, but I should be sorry to risk the experiment. No: fortunately for them and us, we have no friends."

She spoke in such a measured, impassive voice, that Mr. Scanlan looked at her, uncertain whether she were in jest or earnest, pleased or vexed.

"You are an odd kind of woman, Josephine; much more so than you used to be. I can't understand you at all. But come, since my idea is scouted, what plan do you propose? I leave it all to you, for I am sick of the whole matter." And he threw himself on the sofa with a weary and much injured air.

She sat down by him, and suggested a very simple scheme—selling some of her jewellery, which was valuable, and almost useless to her now. But she had reckoned without her host. The sacrifice which to Mrs. Scanlan had seemed trifling, to Mr. Scanlan appeared quite dreadful.

"What! part with these lovely emeralds and diamonds, which have been so much admired, and which make you look well-dressed, however careless

you are in other ways? And sell them in Ditchley, that some neighbour may parade them before your very face, and proclaim to all the world how poor we are? Intolerable! I will never allow it; you must not think of such a thing."

But finding she still did think of it, he took another tack, and appealed to her feelings.

"I wonder at you! To sell my gifts, and my poor father's and mother's—the pretty things you used to look so sweet in when we were first married! Josephine, you must have the heart of a stone!"

"Have I?" cried she. "I almost wish I had." And as her husband put his arm round her, she burst into tears; upon which he began to caress and coax her, and she to excuse him: thinking, after all, it was loving of him to wish not to part with these mementoes of old days. "Oh, Edward," she said, leaning her head against his shoulder, "we used to be so fond of one another."

"Used to be? I hope we are still. You are a very good wife to me, and I am sure I try to be a good husband to you. We should never have these differences at all, if you would only mind what I say, and not hold to your own opinion so firmly. Remember, the husband is head of the wife, and she must obey him."

Here Edward Scanlan assumed rather a lordly air, which he usually did when his Josephine was particularly humble. Like most men of his character, he resembled that celebrated nettle which, if you "tenderly touch it"—

"stings you for your pains;
But be like a man of mettle, and it soft as silk
remains."

"It is no use, my dear," continued he; "you must give in to me a little more. The root of all our miseries is our being so poor, which we always shall be while we stick in the mud of Ditchley—this wretched country town, where I am not half appreciated. As I have so often said, we must remove to London."

Mrs. Scanlan drew back from him, turning so white that he was frightened.

"My dear, you are ill. Have a glass of wine. Bridget! Here, Bridget!"

"Don't call her. I need it not. And, besides, there is no wine in the house."

"Then there ought to be," returned Mr. Scanlan, angrily: for this too was a sore subject. He had been brought up in the old-fashioned school of considering stimulants a necessity. Old Mr. Scanlan used to imbibe his bottle of port a day, and young Mr. Scanlan his three or four glasses: which habit, Josephine, accustomed to her father's French abstinence, had greatly disliked, and succeeded in breaking him off from just in time, before their changed circumstances required him to do so as a point of economy. He did it cheerfully enough, for he was no drunkard; still he sometimes went back to the old leaven, enjoyed and envied the wine at other men's tables, and grumbled sorely at the want of it at his own.

"I tell you what, Josephine, I won't stand this miserable penury any longer. That a man like me should be hidden in this hole of a place, deprived of every comfort of life, and hindered from taking his rightful position in the world, is a very great shame. It must be somebody's fault or other."

"Whose?"—At the flash of her eyes his own fell.

"Not yours, my dear; I never meant to accuse you of it. Nor the children's—though it is an uncomfortable fact that a man with a family is much more hampered, and kept back in the world, than a man who has none. Still, they can't help it, poor little things! But I am sure it would be a great deal better for them, and even for you, if we had a wider sphere. We *must* go and live in London."

But he said "must" very doubtfully, being aware of his wife's mind on the subject.

This bone of contention had been thrown between the husband and wife by Mr. Summerhayes, the artist. He had persuaded Edward Scanlan, who

was easily enough persuaded by anybody, that his great talents for preaching were entirely wasted in the provinces; that if he came to the metropolis, and rented a proprietary chapel, crowds would flock to hear him: Irish eloquence was so highly appreciated. He would soon become as popular in London as he had been in Dublin, and derive a large income from his pew-rents, besides being in a much more independent position as preacher in a licensed Church of England chapel, than as curate of a country parish. At the time, Josephine had been able to reason the scheme out of his head, showing him that the whole thing was a matter of chance, built upon premises which probably did not exist, and running certain risks for very uncertain benefits. Her arguments were so strong, that, with his usual habit of agreeing with the last speaker, her husband had agreed with her—at first: still he went back and back upon the project: and whenever he was restless, or sick, or dissatisfied, brought it up again—using all the old complainings, and old inducements, just as if she had never set them aside; proving, with that clear common sense of hers, that such a project was worse than imprudent—all but insane. Still, by this time she had ceased to argue; she simply held her peace—and her own opinion.

"We must *not* go to London, Edward. It would be utter ruin to both me, the children, and yourself."

"Ay, there it is," returned he bitterly; "'me' first, the children second, your husband last—always last."

This form of her speech had been purely accidental, and if it sprang from an underlying truth, that truth was unrecognised by herself. So, naturally, her whole soul sprang up indignant at her husband's injustice.

"I do not think of myself first; that is not my way—not any mother's way. My whole life is spent for you and the children, and you know it. I am right in what I say. And I will not have my poor lambs carried away from here, where at least we have bread to eat, and one or two people who care for us, and

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taken up to London to starve. I *will not*, Edward."

She spoke so loudly that Adrienne put her little anxious face in at the parlour-door, asking "if Mother called?" Then the mother came to her right senses at once.

"No, my darling," she whispered, putting the child out, and shutting the door after her. "Run away; Papa and I are busy talking."

Then she turned, saying gently, "Husband, I beg your pardon."

"You have need," said he, grimly. But he was not of a grim nature, and when she further made concessions, he soon came round.

"Nevertheless," she said, when they were quite reconciled, "I hold to my point. I cannot consent to this scheme of yours, or rather of Mr. Summerhayes'."

"You are very unjust—you always were—to my friend Summerhayes. He is a capital fellow, worth any number of the stupid folk of Ditchley—associations quite unfitted for a man like me. But if you will have me thrown away—bury your husband all his life down here, like a diamond in a dung-hill—why, take your way! Only you must also take the consequences."

"I will!" she said. And then her heart smote her once more. She had been so furious, Edward so good-tempered, and he had yielded to her so completely, that her generous nature recoiled from accepting what seemed such a sacrifice from him to her. She could not have done it, were there only herself to think of. But—those six children! And a vision rose up before her of London as she had seen it, only once in her life—passing through from Ireland to Ditchley;—ghastly London, where, in the midst of splendour, people can so easily die of want. As, supposing her husband were unsuccessful, her poor little children might die. No, she could not consent. Besides, what use would it be if she did? They had no money whatsoever, not even enough to pay the expenses of the journey.

Still, remorse for her hardness to-

wards him made her listen patiently to another scheme of Mr. Scanlan's, which many a time he had tried vainly to persuade her to; namely, asking Mr. Oldham for an increase of salary.

"I quite deserve it," said the Curate. "I do all the work, and he has all the pay. My income is hundreds of his thousands. I wonder by the way how large his income is, and who will drop in for it? His property is considerable; but he is as stingy as all rich men are. He would drive a bargain and stick to it to the very last."

"I see no harm in sticking to a bargain, if it is not an unfair one," said Josephine, smiling. "Nor do I think Mr. Oldham so very stingy. Think how kind he is to the children."

"The children, pooh! Has he ever been kind to me? Has he ever fairly appreciated my abilities, and the sacrifice I make in continuing to be his curate, when I might so easily—— But I won't vex you, my dear; I'll never refer to that subject again."

Nevertheless he did; being one of those people who cannot take "No" for an answer, or believe that "Yes" implies a decision; but are always trusting to the chance of other people being as weak and undecided as themselves. At last, partly in a kind of despair, and partly because she really saw some justice in the thing, Mrs. Scanlan consented that the Rector should be appealed to for more salary.

But who should "bell the cat?" a rather unpleasant business.

"I think you would do it best, my dear; women are cleverer at these things than men, and you are such an extraordinarily clever woman."

Josephine smiled at the "blarney," which she was not quite deaf to yet; seeing it was the blarney of affection. And her husband did feel great affection for her at that minute. She had saved him from a difficulty; she had consented to what he wanted, and he was really grateful to her, with that shallow gratitude for small mercies and deep

sensibility to temporary reliefs, which formed part of his *insouciant* disposition.

And then she paused to think the matter over. It was not her business certainly, but her husband's; still, as he said, she would probably manage it best. Mr. Oldham was rather difficult to deal with; Edward might vex him and spoil all. At any rate, he disliked the burthen of doing it; and most of his burthens had gradually fallen upon her, till her delicate shoulders had grown hardened to the weight. How many another woman has been driven to the same lot, and then blamed for tacitly accepting it; ridiculed as masculine, strong-minded—the "grey mare," which is called contemptuously the "better horse." And why? Because she is the better horse.

(While I say this, a firm arm holds me, and a tender voice suggests that I am talking nonsense. But I cannot be calmly judicial on this head. I know, and he who holds me knows too, that it is the truth I speak; forced on me by the remembrance of the sad life of my dear Lady de Bougainville.)

"Come, my darling," said Edward Scanlan, caressingly. "Please go to the Rectory and do this difficult business. You will do it so beautifully—a thousand times better than I. For you have a way of doing and saying anything so as to offend nobody. Never was there a truer proverb: 'One man may steal a sheep while another mayn't look over the hedge.'"

"And so you want me to go and steal your sheep for you?" said Josephine, laughing, and clinging to her husband fondly, in that vain hoping against hope which had so often beguiled her—that if he were a richer he would be both a happier and a better man; and that, whether or no, her continuing to love him would help him to become all she wished him to be. "Well, I will try to get you out of this difficulty, and, perhaps, things may be easier for the future. I will go and speak to Mr. Oldham to-morrow."

ORGANIZED WORK AMONG THE POOR ;
SUGGESTIONS FOUNDED ON FOUR YEARS' MANAGEMENT OF A LONDON
COURT.

BY OCTAVIA HILL.

FURTHER organization in our mode of dealing with the poor is now generally agreed to be necessary, but there is another truth less dwelt upon, yet on the due recognition of which success equally depends. I feel most deeply that the disciplining of our immense poor population must be effected by individual influence; and that this power can change it from a mob of paupers and semi-paupers into a body of self-dependent workers. It is my opinion, further, that although such influence may be brought to bear upon them in very various ways, it may be exercised in a very remarkable manner by persons undertaking the oversight and management of such houses as the poor habitually lodge in. In support of this opinion I subjoin an account of what has been actually achieved in two very poor courts in London.

About four years ago I was put in possession of three houses in one of the worst courts of Marylebone. Six other houses were bought subsequently. All were crowded with inmates. The first thing to be done was to put them in decent tenantable order. The set last purchased was a row of cottages facing a bit of desolate ground, occupied with wretched dilapidated cow-sheds, manure heaps, old timber, and rubbish of every description. The houses were in a most deplorable condition: the plaster was dropping from the walls: on one staircase a pail was placed to catch the rain that fell through the roof. All the staircases were perfectly dark; the banisters were gone, having been burnt as firewood by tenants. The grates, with large holes in them, were falling forward into the rooms. The washhouse, full of lumber belonging to the landlord, was locked up; thus the inhabitants had to

wash clothes, as well as to cook, eat and sleep, in their small rooms. The dust-bin, standing in the front of the houses, was accessible to the whole neighbourhood, and boys often dragged from it quantities of unseemly objects, and spread them over the court. The state of the drainage was in keeping with everything else. The pavement of the back-yard was all broken up, and great puddles stood in it, so that the damp crept up the outer walls. One large but dirty water-butt received the water laid on for the houses: it leaked, and for such as did not fill their jugs when the water came in, or who had no jugs to fill, there was no water. The former landlord's reply to one of the tenants who asked him to have an iron hoop put round the butt to prevent leakage, was, that "if he didn't like it" (i.e. things as they were) "he might leave." The man to whom this was spoken—by far the best tenant in the place—is now with us, and often gives his spare time to making his room more comfortable, knowing that he will be retained if he behaves well.

This landlord was a tradesman in a small way of business—not a cruel man, except in so far as variableness of dealing is cruelty; but he was a man without capital to spend on improvements, and lost an immense percentage of his rent by bad debts. I went over the houses with him the last day he collected his rents there, that he might introduce me to the people as the owner of the property. He took a man with him, whom, as he confided to me, he wished to pass off upon the people as a broker.¹ It was evident that, whether they saw through this de-

¹ The ultimate step taken to enforce payment of rent is to send in a broker to distrain.

ceit or not, they had no experience which led them to believe he intended to carry into effect the threats he uttered. The arrears of rent were enormous. I had been informed that the honest habitually pay for the dishonest, the owner relying upon their payments to compensate for all losses; but I was amazed to find to what an extent this was the case. Six, seven, or eight weeks' rent were due from most tenants, and in some cases very much more; whereas, since I took possession of the houses (of which I collect the rents each week myself) I have *never* allowed a second week's rent to become due.

I think no one who has not experienced it can fully realize the almost awed sense of joy with which one enters upon such a possession as that above described, conscious of having the power to set it, even partially, in order. Hopes, indeed, there are which one dare scarcely hope; but at once one has power to say, "Break out a window there in that dark corner; let God's light and air in;" or, "Trap that foul drain, and shut the poisonous miasma out;" and one has moral power to say, by deeds which speak louder than words, "Where God gives me authority, this, which you in your own hearts know to be wrong, shall not go on. I would not set my conviction, however strong it might be, against your judgment of right; but when you are doing what I know your own conscience condemns, I, now that I have the power, will enforce right; but first I will try whether I cannot *lead* you, yourselves, to arise and cast out the sin—helping your wavering and sorely tried will by mine, which is untempted."

As soon as I entered into possession, each family had an opportunity offered of doing better: those who would not pay, or who led clearly immoral lives, were ejected. The rooms they vacated were cleansed; the tenants who showed signs of improvement moved into them, and thus, in turn, an opportunity was obtained for having each room distempered and painted. The drains were put in order, a large slate cistern was fixed, the wash-house was cleared of its

lumber, and thrown open on stated days to each tenant in turn. The roof, the plaster, the woodwork were repaired; the staircase-walls were distempered; new grates were fixed; the layers of paper and rag (black with age) were torn from the windows, and glass was put in: out of 192 panes, only 8 were found unbroken. The yard and footpath were paved.

The rooms, as a rule, were re-let at the same prices at which they had been let before; but tenants with large families were counselled to take two rooms, and for these much less was charged than if let singly: this plan I continue to pursue. In-coming tenants are not allowed to take a decidedly insufficient quantity of room, and no sub-letting is permitted. The elder girls are employed three times a week in scrubbing the passages in the houses, for the cleaning of which the landlady is responsible. For this work they are paid, and by it they learn habits of cleanliness. It is, of course, within the authority of the landlady also to insist on cleanliness of wash-houses, yards, staircases, and staircase-windows; and even to remonstrate concerning the rooms themselves if they are habitually dirty.

The pecuniary result has been very satisfactory. Five per cent. interest has been paid on all the capital invested. A fund for the repayment of capital is accumulating. A liberal allowance has been made for repairs; and here I may speak of the means adopted for making the tenants careful about breakage and waste. The sum allowed yearly for repairs is fixed for each house, and if it has not all been spent in restoring and replacing, the surplus is used for providing such additional appliances as the tenants themselves desire. It is therefore to their interest to keep the expenditure for repairs as low as possible; and instead of committing the wanton damage common among tenants of their class, they are careful to avoid injury, and very helpful in finding economical methods of restoring what is broken or worn out, often doing little repairs of their own accord.

From the proceeds of the rent, also, interest has been paid on the capital spent in building a large room where the tenants can assemble. Classes are held there—for boys, twice weekly; for girls, once: a singing class has just been established. A large work-class for married women and elder girls meets once a week. A glad sight it is—the large room filled with the eager, merry faces of the girls, from which those of the older careworn women catch a reflected light. It is a good time for quiet talk with them as we work, and many a neighbourly feeling is called out among the women as they sit together on the same bench, lend one another cotton or needles, are served by the same hand, and look to the same person for direction. The babies are a great bond of union; I have known the very women who not long before had been literally fighting, sit at the work-class busily and earnestly comparing notes of their babies' respective history. That a consciousness of corporate life is developed in them is shown by the not infrequent use of the expression "One of us."

Among the arrangements conducive to comfort and health I may mention, that instead of the clothes being hung as formerly out of front windows down against the wall, where they could not be properly purified, the piece of ground in front of the houses is used as a drying-ground during school hours. The same place is appropriated as a playground, not only for my younger tenants, but for the children from the neighbouring courts. It is a space walled round, where they can play in safety. Hitherto, games at trap, bat, and ball, swinging, skipping, and singing a few Kinder Garten songs with movements in unison, have been the main diversions. But I have just established drill for the boys, and a drum and fife band. Unhappily, the mere business connected with the working of the houses has occupied so much time, that the playground has been somewhat neglected; yet it is a most important part of the work. The evils of the streets

and courts are too evident to need explanation. In the playground are gathered together children habitually dirty, quarrelsome, and violent. They come wholly ignorant of games, and have hardly self-control enough to play at any which have an object or require effort. Mere senseless, endless repetition is at best their diversion. Often the games are only repetitions of questionable sentences. For instance, what is to be said of a game the whole of which consists in singing: "Here comes my father, all down the hill, all down the hill" (over and over again), and replying, "We won't get up for his ugly face—ugly face" (repeated *ad libitum*)! Then come the mother, the sister, the brother, to whom the same words are addressed. Finally, the lover comes, to whom the greeting is, "We will get up for his pretty face." This was, perhaps, the best game the children knew, yet, in as far as it had any meaning or influence, it must be bad. Compare it, or the wild, lawless fighting or gambling, with a game at trap, arranged with ordered companions, definite object, and progressive skill. The moral influence depends, however, on having ladies who will go to the playground, teach games, act as umpires, know and care for the children. These I hope to find more and more. Until now, except at rare intervals, the playground has been mainly useful for the fresh air it affords to the children who are huddled together by night in small rooms, in the surrounding courts. The more respectable parents keep them indoors, even in the day-time, after school-hours, to prevent their meeting with bad companions.

Mr. Ruskin, to whom the whole undertaking owes its existence, has had trees planted in the playground, and creepers against the houses. In May, we have a May-pole or a throne covered with flowers for the May-queen and her attendants. The sweet luxuriance of the spring-flowers is more enjoyed in that court than would readily be believed. Some months after the first festival the children were seen sticking a few faded flowers into a crevice in the wall, saying,

they wanted to make it "like it was the day we had the May-pole."

I have tried, as far as opportunity has permitted, to develop the love of beauty among my tenants. The poor of London need joy and beauty in their lives. There is no more true and eternal law to be recognised about them than that which Mr. Dickens shows in "Hard Times"—the fact that every man has an imagination which needs development and satisfaction. Mr. Slearey's speech, "People muht be amoothed, Thquire," is often recalled to my mind in dealing with the poor. They work hard; their lives are monotonous; they seek low places of amusement; they break out into lawless "sprees." Almost all amusements—singing, dancing, acting, expeditions into the country, eating and drinking—are liable to abuse; no rules are subtle enough to prevent their leading to harm. But if a lady can know the individuals, and ask them as her invited guests to any of these, an innate sense of honour and respect preserves the tone through the whole company. Indeed, there can hardly be a more proudly thankful moment than that, when we see these many people to whom life is dull and full of anxiety, gathered together around us for holy, happy Christmas festivities, or going out to some fair and quiet spot in the bright summer time, bound to one another by the sense of common relationship, preserved unconsciously from wrong by the presence of those whom they love and who love them. Such intervals of bright joy are easily arranged by friends for friends; but if strangers are invited *en masse*, it is difficult to keep any of these recreations innocent.

All these ways of meeting are invaluable as binding us together; still, they would avail little were it not for the work by which we are connected—for the individual care each member of the little circle receives. Week by week, when the rents are collected, an opportunity of seeing each family separately occurs. There are a multitude of matters to attend to: first there is the mere outside business—rent to be re-

ceived, requests from the tenant respecting repairs to be considered; sometimes decisions touching the behaviour of other tenants to be made, sometimes rebukes for untidiness to be administered. Then come the sad or joyful remarks about health or work, the little histories of the week. Sometimes grave questions arise about important changes in the life of the family—shall a daughter go to service? or shall the sick child be sent to a hospital? &c.

Sometimes violent quarrels must be allayed. Much may be done in this way, so ready is the response in these affectionate natures to those whom they trust and love. For instance: two women among my tenants fought; one received a dreadful kick, the other had hair torn from her head. They were parted by a lad who lived in the house. The women occupied adjoining rooms, they met in the passages, they used the same yard and wash-house, endless were the opportunities of collision while they were engaged with each other. For ten days I saw them repeatedly: I could in no way reconcile them—words of rage and recrimination were all that they uttered; while the hair, which had been carefully preserved by the victim, was continually exhibited to me as a sufficient justification for lasting anger. One was a cold, hard, self-satisfied, well-to-do woman; the other a nervous, affectionate, passionate, very poor Irish-woman. Now it happened that in speaking to the latter one evening, I mentioned my own grief at the quarrel: a look of extreme pain came over her face; it was a new idea to her that I should care. That, and no sense of the wrong of indulging an evil passion, touched her. The warm-hearted creature at once promised to shake hands with her adversary; but she had already taken out a summons against the other for assault, and did not consider she could afford to make up the quarrel, because it implied losing the two shillings the summons had cost. I told her the loss was a mere nothing to her if weighed in the balance with peace, but that I would willingly pay it. It

only needed that one of the combatants should make the first step towards reconciliation for the other (who indeed rather dreaded answering the summons) to meet her half-way. They are good neighbours now of some months' standing. A little speech which shows the character of the Irishwoman is worth recording. Acknowledging to me that she was very passionate, she said: "My husband never takes my part when I'm in my tantrums, and I'm that mad with him; but, bless you, I love him all the better afterwards; he knows well enough it would only make me worse." I may here observe that the above-mentioned two shillings is the only money I ever had to give to either woman. It is on such infinitesimally small actions that the success of the whole work rests.

My tenants are mostly of a class far below that of mechanics; they are, indeed, of the very poor. And yet, although the gifts they have received have been next to nothing, none of the families who have passed under my care during the whole four years have continued in what is called "distress," except such as have been unwilling to exert themselves. Those who will not exert the necessary self-control cannot avail themselves of the means of livelihood held out to them. But, for those who are willing, some small assistance in the form of work has from time to time been provided,—not much, but sufficient to keep them from want or despair. The following will serve as an instance of the sort of help given, and its proportion to the results.

Alice, a single woman, of perhaps fifty-five years, lodged with a man and his wife—the three in one room—just before I obtained full possession of the houses. Alice, not being able to pay her rent, was turned into the street, where Mrs. S. (my playground superintendent) met her, crying dreadfully.

It was Saturday, and I had left town till Monday. Alice had neither furniture to pawn, nor friends to help her; the workhouse alone lay before her. Mrs. S. knew that I esteemed her as a

sober, respectable, industrious woman, and therefore she ventured to express to Alice's landlord the belief that I would not let him lose money if he would let her go back to her lodging till Monday, when I should return home, thus risking for me a possible loss of fourpence—not very ruinous to me, and a sum not impossible for Alice to repay in the future.

I gave Alice two days' needlework; then found her employment in tending a bed-ridden cottager in the country, whose daughter (in service) paid for the nursing. Five weeks she was there, working, and saving her money. On her return I lent her what more she required to buy furniture, and she then took a little room direct from me. Too blind to do much household work, but able to sew almost mechanically, she just earns her daily bread by making sailors' shirts; but her little home is her own, and she loves it dearly; and, having tided over that time of trial, Alice can live—has paid all her debts too, and is more grateful than she would have been for many gifts.

At one time I had a room to let which was ninepence a week cheaper than the one she occupied. I proposed to her to take it; it had, however, a different aspect, getting less of the southern and western sunlight. Alice hesitated long, and asked *me* to decide, which I declined to do; for, as I told her, her moving would suit my arrangements rather better. She, hearing that, wished to move; but I begged her to make her decision wholly irrespective of my plans. At last she said, very wistfully, "Well, you see, Miss, it's between ninepence and the sun." Sadly enough, ninepence had to outweigh the sun.

My tenants are of course encouraged to save their money. It should, however, be remarked, that I have never succeeded in getting them to save for old age. The utmost I have achieved is that they lay by sufficient either to pay rent in times of scarcity, to provide clothes for girls going to service, or boots, or furniture; or even to avail

themselves of opportunities of advancement which must be closed to them if they had not a little reserve fund to meet expenses of the change.

One great advantage arising from the management of the houses is, that they form a test-place, in which people may prove themselves worthy of higher situations. Not a few of the tenants have been persons who had sunk below the stratum where once they were known; and some of these, simply by proving their character, have been enabled to regain their former stations. One man, twenty years ago, had been a gentleman's servant, had saved money, gone into business, married, failed, and then found himself out of the groove of work. When I made his acquaintance, he was earning a miserable pittance for his wife and seven unhealthy children, and all the nine souls were suffering and sinking unknown. After watching and proving him for three years, I was able to recommend him to a gentleman in the country, where now the whole family are profiting by having six rooms instead of one, fresh air, and regular wages.

But it is far easier to be helpful than to have patience and self-control sufficient, when the times come, for seeing suffering and not relieving it. And yet the main tone of action must be severe. There is much of rebuke and repression needed, although a deep and silent under-current of sympathy and pity may flow beneath. If the rent is not ready, notice to quit must be served; the money is then almost always paid, when the notice is, of course, withdrawn. Besides this inexorable demand for rent (never to be relaxed without entailing cumulative evil on the defaulter, and setting a bad example too readily followed by others) there must be a perpetual crusade carried on against small evils,—very wearing sometimes. It is necessary to believe that in thus setting in order certain spots on God's earth, still more in presenting to a few of His children a somewhat higher standard of right, we are doing His work, and that He will not permit us to lose sight of His large laws, but will

rather make them evident to us through the small details.

The resolution to watch pain which cannot be radically relieved except by the sufferer himself is most difficult to maintain. Yet it is wholly necessary in certain cases not to help. Where a man persistently refuses to exert himself, external help is worse than useless. By withholding gifts, we say to him in action more mournful than words: "You will not do better: I was ready, I will be ready whenever you come to yourself; but until then you must pursue your own course." This attitude has often to be taken; but it usually proves a summons to a more energetic spirit, producing nobler effort in great matters, just as the notice to quit arouses resolution and self-denial in pecuniary concerns.

Coming together so much as we do for business with mutual duties, for recreation with common joy, each separate want or fault having been dealt with as it arose, it will be readily understood that in such a crisis as that which periodically occurs in the East End of London, instead of being unprepared, I feel myself somewhat like an officer at the head of a well-controlled little regiment, or, more accurately, like a country proprietor with a moderate number of well-ordered tenants.

For, firstly, my people are numbered; not merely counted, but known, man, woman, and child. I have seen their self-denying efforts to pay rent in time of trouble, or their reckless extravagance in seasons of abundance; their patient labour, or their failure to use the self-control necessary to the performance of the more remunerative kinds of work; their efforts to keep their children at school, or their selfish, lazy way of living on their children's earnings. Could any one, going suddenly among even so small a number as these thirty-four families—however much penetration and zeal he might possess—know so accurately as I what kind of assistance would be really helpful, and not corrupting? And if positive gifts must be resorted to, who can give them with so little pain to the proud spirit, so

little risk of undermining the feeble one, as the friend of old standing!—the friend, moreover, who has rigorously exacted the fulfilment of their duty in punctual payment of rent; towards whom, therefore, they might feel that they had done what they could while strength lasted, and need not surely be ashamed to receive a little bread in time of terrible want?

But it ought hardly ever to come to an actual doling out of bread or alms of any kind. During the winter of 1867-8, while the newspapers were ringing with appeals in consequence of the distress prevalent in the metropolis, being on the Continent, and unable to organize more satisfactory schemes of assistance, I wrote to the ladies who were superintending the houses for me to suggest that a small fund (which had accumulated from the rents, after defraying expenses and paying interest) should be distributed in gifts to any of the families who might be in great poverty. The answer was, that there were none requiring such help. Now, how did this come to pass?

Simply through the operation of the various influences above described. The tenants never having been allowed to involve themselves in debt for rent (now and then being supplied with employment to enable them to pay it), they were free from one of the greatest drags upon a poor family, and had, moreover, in times of prosperity been able really to save. It is but too often the case that, even when prosperous times come, working people cannot lay by, because then they have to pay off arrears of rent. The elder girls, too, were either in service or quite ready to go; and so steady, tidy, and respectable as to be able to fill good situations. This was owing, in many cases, to a word or two spoken long before, urging their longer attendance at school, or to their having had a few happy and innocent amusements provided for them, which had satisfied their natural craving for recreation, and had prevented their breaking loose in search of it. Health had been secured by an abundance of

air, light, and water. Even among this very lowest class of people, I had found individuals whom I could draught from my lodging-houses into resident situations (transplanting them thus at once into a higher grade), simply because I was able to say, "I know them to be honest, I know them to be clean." Think of what this mere fact of *being known* is to the poor!

You may say, perhaps, "This is very well as far as you and your small knot of tenants are concerned, but how does it help us to deal with the vast masses of poor in our great towns?" I reply, "Are not the great masses made up of many small knots? Are not the great towns divisible into small districts? Are there not people who would gladly come forward to undertake the systematic supervision of some house or houses, if they could get authority from the owner? And why should there not be some way of registering such supervision, so that, bit by bit, as more volunteers should come forward, the whole metropolis might be mapped out, all the blocks fitting in like little bits of mosaic to form one connected whole?"

The success of the plan does not depend entirely upon the houses being the property of the superintendent. I would urge people, if possible, to purchase the houses of which they undertake the charge; but if they cannot, they may yet do a valuable little bit of work by registering a distinct declaration that they will supervise such and such a house, or row, or street; that if they have to relinquish the work, they will say so; that if it becomes too much for them, they will ask for help; that any one desiring information about the families dwelling in the houses they manage may apply to them.

It is well known that the societies at work among the poor are so numerous, and labour so independently of each other, that, at present, many sets of people may administer relief to a given family in one day, and perhaps not one go near them again for a long interval; yet each society may be quite systematic in its own field of operation. It seems

to me, that though each society might like to go its own way (and, perhaps, to supply wants which the house-overseer might think it best to leave unsupplied), they might at least feel it an advantage to know of a recognised authority from whom particulars could be learned respecting relief already given, and the history of the families in question.

Any persons accustomed to visit among the poor in a large district, would, I believe, when confining themselves to a much smaller one, be led, if not to very unexpected conclusions, at least to very curious problems. In dealing with a large number of cases the urgency is so great, one passes over the most difficult questions to work where sight is clear; and one is apt to forget Sissy Jupe's quick sympathetic perception that percentage signifies literally nothing to the friends of the special sufferer, who surely is not worth less than a sparrow. The individual case, if we cared enough for it, would often give us the key to many.

Whoever will limit his gaze to a few persons, and try to solve the problems of their lives—planning for instance definitely, how he, even with superior advantages of education, self-control, and knowledge, could bring up a given family on given wages, allowing the smallest amount conceivably sufficient for food, rent, clothes, fuel, and rest—he may find it in most cases a much more difficult thing than he had ever thought, and sometimes maybe an impossibility. It may lead to strange self-questioning about wages. Again, if people will watch carefully the different effect of self-help and of alms, how the latter like the outdoor relief system under the old Poor Law tends to lower wages, undermines the providence of the poor, it may make them put some searching questions to themselves upon the wisdom of backing up wages with gifts. Then they may begin to consider practically whether in their own small sphere they can form no schemes of help, which shall be life-giving, stimulating hope, energy, foresight, self-denial, and choice of right rather than wrong expenditure.

They may earnestly strive to discover plans of help which shall free them from the oppressive responsibility of deciding whether aid is deserved—a question often complicated inextricably with another, namely, whether at a given moment there is a probability of reformation. All of us have felt the impossibility of deciding either question fairly, yet we have been convinced that gifts coming at the wrong time are often deadly. Earnest workers feel a heavy weight on their hearts and consciences from the conviction that the old command "Judge not" is a divine one, and yet that the distribution of alms irrespective of character is fatal. These difficulties lead to variable action, which is particularly disastrous with the poor. But there are plans which cultivate the qualities wherein they are habitually wanting, namely, self-control, energy, prudence, and industry; and such plans, if we will do our part, may be ready at any moment for even the least deserving, and for those who have fallen lowest.

Further details as to modes of help must vary infinitely with circumstances and character. But I may mention a few laws which become clearer and clearer to me as I work.

It is best strictly to enforce fulfilment of all such duties as payment of rent, &c.

It is far better to give work than either money or goods.

It is most helpful of all to strengthen by sympathy and counsel the energetic effort which shall bear fruit in time to come.

It is essential to remember that each man has his own view of his life, and must be free to fulfil it; that in many ways he is a far better judge of it than we, as he has lived through and felt what we have only seen. Our work is rather to bring him to the point of considering, and to the spirit of judging rightly, than to consider or judge for him.

The poor of London (as of all large towns) need the development of every power which can open to them noble sources of joy.

THE STORY OF AN AFTERNOON.

THE clouds were up in the sky,
 And I was down on the earth,
 And a little heather was round about,
 And a bareness, and drought, and dearth.
 A waste of withering heather,
 A barren land and a poor,
 And nothing except the clouds in heaven,—
 And none but I on the moor;
 And a weary, weary, desolate day
 Going dolefully, dolefully by,
 With somebody ill on the earth away,
 Or well, away in the sky!

Oh well, away in the sky!
 But ill for me were it so—
 To be never more under the light of those eyes,
 With its rain-like overflow!
 To be left for ever outside
 Of the holding, folding arms,
 All undefenced in a wide, bleak world,
 And a host of possible harms!
 Ah, well for her in the quiet sky;
 But ill for me if she were,
 And a sore heart now that I cannot tell
 Which world containeth her!

Could I know she was up and at home,
 I might bethink me then
 Of all the terror and trouble of heart
 That would never be hers again.
 I would think of the trembling tone,
 And the failing, uncertain look,
 And the "dare not" of the averted eyes,
 And the hand that strained as it shook,
 And the terrible, terrible love
 That durst not look ahead
 To the certainty of being mourned,
 Or of mourning over the dead!

I would think of that other love,
 Grown suddenly great with sight;
 A love beyond the shadow of death,
 A love without affright:—
 An overgrowing love
 That should meeken all the rest,
 And make it sweet to be reft from all
 And laid alone on His breast:—
 A perfect, quiet, satisfied love,
 With never a sorrow to come;
 A love at haven in a greater love,
 And first and for ever at home!

But I dare not think of it yet,
 I dare not think of it now,
 Lest the blood come throbbing back to the cheek,
 And the care-shade back to the brow;
 Lest I find I was only dreaming,
 And the peril *not* past, nor the wail;
 Lest I dream of her coming to port, and wake
 To find her out in the gale;
 And so the ungrateful tears
 Come swelling and sliding forth,
 And I forget to render thanks
 For a blessing left to the earth.

For oh, what work it is loving,
 If people will love so dear,
 And tremble between the going away
 And the burden and bondage here!
 For with such a heart to be hurt
 In such a world as this,
 Or with such a loneliness for me
 If she were up in her bliss,
 For her sake or for mine,—
 “For yours or my own,” I said,
 “O daily pitied, or daily missed,
 I must weep you, living or dead!”

So home:—and a folded paper,
 And a pattern of words on the white,
 And a sudden blindness over the eyes,
 And a rush of tears at the sight;
 And a face down deep in wetted hands,
 And a sinking, bending knee,
 And faltered thanks, and a blissful night
 Of waking ecstasy!
 And, awful with utter love,
 With a joy deep and pure after pain,
 There came a day that comforted me
 In her comforting arms again.

B. B. B.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MISS YONGE.

I.—NURSERY BOOKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"Books for children,"—the press groans with their multitude, and their illustrations have absolutely become exquisite works of art. Each risen generation repeats to the *rising* one, that there was nothing like it in its departed childhood, and each mourns over the dissipation of mind created by the profusion of reading, till we are sometimes startled to find that the same things were said of us that we are now saying of our children.

The fact is, that infantine literature, as indeed all sorts of class-literature, is a recent production. Up to the Georgian era, there were no books at all either for children or the poor, excepting the class-books containing old ballads, such as "Chevy Chase," "Fair Rosamond," "Jane Shore," "The Children in the Wood," and short tales such as "The King and the Cobbler," "Whittington and his Cat," "Robin Goodfellow," "The History of the Seven Champions," "The Seven Wise Masters," "The Nine Worthies," all told without any endeavour to simplify the language, but rather dealing in grandiloquence. Little gilt books, the covers clouded with scarlet and blue, with a running pattern of gold creeping over all, and probably representing the last tradition of illumination, appeared at fairs in company with gilt gingerbread equally gaudy, and, when the gentlefolk paced through the booths in stately graciousness, were often bought and conned by the young people, pleased to exercise the powers painfully acquired upon horn-book or primer.

Nor did their elders trouble themselves with scruples as to the ideas they might derive from their studies, nor think that they would be corrupted by the tears plentifully bestowed on Rosamond in her bower or Jane in her white

sheet. A book was a book, in the eyes of squire and dame, let it be what it might; and Master Jacky's "bookish turn" was thought to mark him as a scholar and parson, whether he read "Tom Jones," "Robinson Crusoe," or "The Pilgrim's Progress."

For after the gilt book stage, or indeed during it, the child, if he read at all, read the books provided for the grown-up part of the family. Evelyn's wonderful boy, "Master Clench," read history and classics in their ponderous folios, and even later than this, children still depended on the odd, worn volumes of the "Spectator," or any other book that chance consigned to their hands. Hannah More's father repeated the lines of Homer and Virgil in the original to please his own ear and hers, and then translated them; and Mrs. Trimmer (then Sarah Kirby), when only fourteen years old, carried about "Paradise Lost" in her pocket as well as in her head, and was presented by Dr. Johnson with the "Rambler," in testimony of approbation. Some years later the solace of Walter Scott's long illness was acting over the sieges and battles in Orme's "War in Hindostan." There can be little doubt that those who read at all in those days must have done so from genuine taste for literature, and that though an idle child could not be safely disposed of by setting it down to a baby book, yet that real power was cultivated, and the memory provided with substantial stores, at the time when it is most retentive; and as there was no harassing the young mind by examinations, and requirements of all being comprehended and immediately reproduced in words, the brain was not overwrought, but left free to assimilate what it could or would.

Already, however, these days of

comparative neglect—shall we call it wholesome?—were fast waning. The spontaneous manufacture of the little books of mere amusement had received a great impulse from France, by the translations of the Comtesse d'Aulnoy's and M. Perrault's adaptations of the old mythic lore common to all nations. A queer book, indeed, is Mme. d'Aulnoy's, where the immortal fairy tales stand imbedded in a course of lengthy romances of the Italian or Spanish order, but where predicaments occur in which the heroes and heroines sit still to tell and hear their tales with exemplary patience, or use them to lull the jealous guardian till the elopement is ready. Some unknown caterer for English readers imported the choicest of these tales separately into their little books, and the "*Contes de Commère l'Oie*" alone seem to have continued in their unbroken condition. "*The White Cat*"—her previous and subsequent history judiciously shorn away—"The Sleeping Beauty," "*Beauty and the Beast*," and "*Puss in Boots*," "*Cinderella*," and "*Fortunio*," then took possession of the British mind in their present shape—the more completely, perhaps, for meeting with some old more homely forms of the same tradition, which it must have since absorbed. Poor authors were employed by the booksellers in the translation of these, or in original composition, and thus "*Goody Two Shoes*" came forth as a bit of hack-work, but sparkling all over with brilliancy, a true grain of gold among the sand around her, and winning tender remembrances from many an admirer who never suspected her of being a chip from the wheel of a veritable Goldsmith (if the pun be allowed us). Do the present generation know Margery Two Shoes, and Tommy her brother? How well we remember our own old copy, a small square paper book, with a frontispiece in which Margery elaborately displayed her new-shod feet in the first position, and where the eagerness of the parish to receive her instructions must have been taken from Irish eagerness rather than English stolidity. Then there is a chapter fully

worthy, in its quiet humour, of "*The Vicar of Wakefield*," entitled "*How the whole Parish was Frightened*." "*Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know how she was buried at this parish church?*" Alas! in the last edition that fell into our hands, the ghost had been exorcised as a concession to the theory that children are never to hear of ghosts. Margery is by chance shut up in the church, and rings the bell to procure her release, but the disturbance is taken to be "*Lady Ducklington's ghost dancing among the bells*." "*A ghost, you block-head*," says Mr. Long in a pet, "*did either of you ever see a ghost, or know anybody that did?*" "*Yes*," says the clerk, "*my father did once, in the shape of a windmill; and it walked all around the church in a white sheet, with jack-boots on, and had a gun by its side instead of a sword.*"

Margery's own account of her sensations is very simple and sweet, and stamps the authorship upon the tale.

Mr. Marshall, "*at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard*," commenced a manufacture of little books of which some have a real merit, independent of the curious pictures they give of manners. We knew a few of them in a reprint already forty years old, and confess to still loving them much. There was the "*Village School*," to which the clergyman's, farmers', and labourers' sons and daughters all came on terms of perfect equality. Good Mrs. Bell does not scruple to put Miss Polly Right into a corner with a surreptitiously introduced doll's tea-chest suspended from her neck, though Mr. Right marches through the playground in shovel hat, wig, gown, and bands, looking the picture of ancient orthodoxy; and Roger Riot, the squire's son, is always far subordinate to the pattern Frank West, child of a cobbler, whose companion in perfection is a young lady called Miss Jenny Meek, in long gloves, and a little flat shepherdess's hat. Was this a Utopia, or were village schools thus really universal and impartial? We suspect that they did in truth collect

all those capable of payment, and that the children of the better classes frequented them, while the lowest class of all ran utterly wild. The "Perambulations of a Mouse" was another favourite, in spite of language such as might be anticipated from the name. To say the truth, it is the only impossible autobiography we ever really relished. There was an exceeding charm in the first start in life of the four brother mice, Nimble, Longtail, Brighteyes, and Softdown; and considerable pathos (at least to the infant mind) in the gradual diminution of the brotherhood, until Nimble remained to the last, alone to tell his tale. And the conversations he overhears are related with such spirit, that one only longs to hear more of such interesting people. There is a dialogue between two little girls in bed on imaginary terrors of robbers, which is as good as anything we ever read; and another about fears of mice, which we did not appreciate the less because it is carried on between a nurse, in the act of undressing the baby, and the footman whom she has called in to destroy poor Softdown, already caught in a trap. We should like to know who was the author of the "Perambulations," for it certainly obtained the sort of lodgment in our mind that has generally been unconsciously taken possession of by works of real inherent talent. "Jemima Placid" had more renown, but we doubt if it were as good as the mouse. In recalling it, the old nurse's injunction always to pin up the hole at the top of a nightcap for fear of catching cold at it, is the prominent recollection; together with a story of a spur which was applied by the Mentor of a family in every case of ill-manners or awkwardness. These three, and "Keeper's Travels," were, we believe, the *élite* of the St. Paul's Churchyard literature—with, perhaps, the addition of "Mrs. Teachem," a most grotesque picture of a young ladies' boarding-school; but to judge by their advertising lists, and by the notices in Mrs. Trimmer's "Guardian of Education," there must have been many more.

For the didactic age of youthful

literature was fast setting in. Mrs. Trimmer was its parent in England, and her impulse probably came far more than she knew from Rousseau. Or it may be true that the religious woman, as well as the original thinker, both felt that tools were wanting to them in forming the young mind, and simultaneously set the forge to work. Rousseau, indeed, did not personally write for the young, but his "Emile" set many pens going in France, Germany, and England, such as Berquin, Madame de Genlis, Kampe, and the Aikin, Day, and Edgeworth school, while Mrs. Trimmer was soberly and earnestly working at her didactic works for the young. "The Rational Dame" is to modern eyes intolerably dull and dreary, and we are sensible of the famine that must have prevailed when we find that it was regarded with enthusiastic delight by the children of the last century, whose next step was into Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." Her "Fabulous Histories" have quite another kind of charm: Robin, Dicky, Flapsy, and Pecksy, have real character, quite enough to carry the reader over all the long words in which the parent robins and their patrons indulge, and all the rigid "delicacy" that makes Mrs. Benson hesitate to allow her eleven years' old daughter to ascend three rounds of a ladder to look into the redbreast's nest four feet from the ground. We are glad to see them reproduced with beautiful illustrations.

Yet these were still counted as baby-books. In "Cuelebs" we find that in the pattern family the children at eight years old have to resign *en masse* their story-books, and take to "such books as men and women read." The father inaugurates this stage with "John Gilpin;" and probably the "Spectator," Rollin and Goldsmith, Shakespeare, and Pope's "Homer," would have been Hannah More's staple reading for the young.

She herself was the real originator of books written exclusively for the poor in the "Cheap Repository Tracts," which were called forth by her desire to arm the peasantry against the doctrines more

or less afloat at the time of the outbreak of the first French Revolution. Both she and her sister Patty were really masterly writers in this line, full of good sense, humour, and real insight into character. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," though taken from an actual character named John Saunders, is a sort of Christian Arcadian, and "Black Giles the Poacher," "Tawny Rachel," and "Hester Wilmot" are capital reading to this day, though probably the change of manners would prevent persons of the class for which they were designed from caring for them. These tracts were not intended for children, but their simplicity and interest made them to be eagerly read by the young, especially when there was an absolute dearth of all interesting or comprehensible "Sunday reading," except the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The tide of what we have called the Rousseau-inspired books was by this time setting into England. Perhaps one of the cleverest of them was by the German, C. S. Salzmann, translated, or perhaps more truly adapted, by Mary Wollstonecraft, under the strange name of "Elements of Morality." There must have been a strong flavour of genius about the book, for we, without possessing it, heard the traditions of it from the older generations that had been nurtured thereupon, and always regarded a reading of it as one of the pleasures of the houses where the ancestral copies still abode. What the German originals were we cannot tell, but they must have been much transmogrified, since the father of the family figured as Mr. Jones. We suspect that he was formal and prosy, but the noble art of skip carried us over all that, and the adventures were admirable, and indeed were the originals of many a subsequent story in other books. There was the boy bewildered in a wood (which we now know must have been a German forest), seeing "gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire" in every bush, admirably given in the illustrations, until he is found by a virtuous curate, who takes him to his home, and

regales him with simple fare and good advice. This curate must have been a regular German pastor, for the grateful Charles, going afterwards to make him a visit, finds the whole family prostrated by the small-pox, all in one room. There are the children left to spend a day after their own devices (an idea often repeated); and the horrid disaster of the boy who, kicking against a door, impaled his foot on a projecting nail. We well remember that in one of the two copies we had the occasional felicity of studying there was a print of this unhappy being, on which we used to gaze with awed fascination; and there was also a miser in a ragged garment, and a benevolent Jew, whose forms impressed themselves on our imagination before our tenth year, though what part they played in the story is so entirely forgotten that probably it was beyond the childish comprehension. And well might these be so memorable, for the designer was no other than Blake, though then we little knew it. This first edition had, however, an objectionable preface, which we never attempted to read. It is odd that the almost coeval work, the "Swiss Family Robinson," did not find its way to England till many years later. It was written by Joachim Heinrich Kampe, tutor to Baron Humboldt; and one longs to know whether the pupil's spirit of enterprise fired the tutor, or the tutor formed the pupil. The English edition is greatly and advantageously abbreviated. It has been one of the greatest of favourites, until Captain Marryat's nautical criticisms cruelly disclosed its absurdities. To be sure, when one comes to think of it, no one but a German could have thought it practicable to land the whole family in a row of washing tubs nailed together between planks, and the island did contain peculiar fauna and flora; but the book is an extremely engaging one for all that, and we decidedly would prefer reading it at this moment than the rather characterless "Masterman Ready" by which Marryat superseded it in the youthful library.

But we are anticipating. "The Swiss Robinson" was still in his native German, when Berquin's bright little tales and dramas, terse and rounded as only French powers could make them, were already widely spread. Many were transferred into an English book, pompously termed "The Looking Glass for the Mind." There figured the four sisters who quarrelled and retired, like the four bulls of fable, into the four corners of the room, but, unlike the bulls, made it up in peace, and never fell out again. There was the boy who rudely fumigated his father's tenant when he came to pay his rent, and was punished by being left behind when his sister was taken to the farm, and regaled with rural dainties. There was "the pert little vixen, whose name was Cleopatra," and whose ill-temper was suddenly cured by a visitor's remark, that a pair of moustaches would suit the fierceness of her countenance. There is the kind, bird-feeding girl, said to have been suggested by the example of Madame Helvetius. There, too, is the capital description of the little Caroline, who insisted on taking a country walk in the full fashionable dress of the period, including powdered hair, pea-green shoes with high heels, and the tightest possible of stays. The dramas, which are not translated in the "Looking Glass," but are so in the "Children's Friend," are likewise very pretty. There is a very droll one (lately reproduced among Warne's Victoria stories) of a little boy, whose longing for a sword is gratified on condition he never draws it. In a passion he breaks his promise, and brings to light a turkey's feather. The insolent airs of the young noble, and the cringing of his *roturier* guest, give us a lucid notion of the pre-Revolution manners.

Berquin's tales were suggestive to the Aikin family of their "Evenings at Home." But the two collections remind us of the French criticism on our national gait, that while a French lady walks easily and gracefully, an Englishwoman always moves as if bent on

hurrying somewhere. There is a light, laughing, good-humoured touch-and-go moral in *L'Ami des Enfants*, while every "Evening at Home" has its earnest purpose. Both alike steer so entirely clear of religion that no one could guess what creed was held by the authors of either; the nearest approach to the subject being in that chapter of the "Evenings" where the father says, pointing to the fainting woman whom every one of all parties ran to assist, "Here all men were made to agree," and to the various places of worship whence the assistants issued with, "here all men were made to differ." Every chapter conveyed some clearly defined bit of instruction, and in looking back at these little performances we are struck by the perfect precision and polish of language, even of the most simple, such as renders them almost as complete epigrams as *Æsop's* fables, and contrasts with the slovenly writing of the present day. Perhaps the most memorable of them are, "Transmigrations of Indur," the now almost proverbial "Eyes and No Eyes," and "The Travellers," an idea recurring in Mrs. Gatty's "Little Victims." The excellence of the two first of these has caused them to be included in the reading-books of the National School Society, where they will probably survive long after the other Evenings are forgotten. For somehow there was little to love in these well-written books; they had a certain bright coldness which extends to all Aikinism, except perhaps to Mrs. Barbauld's "Prose Hymns," in their odd metre, a sort of pious imitation of Macpherson's Ossian. These have lately reappeared in all the charms of exquisite illustration, and if some were found to love them in pale type and russet binding, they ought to be the more admired in their present form; but, judging by ourselves, we do not think they could ever have been very dear to any one. Sentences in praise of the God of Nature may be very lovely, but the Christian heart yearns for a deeper touch of mystery and tenderness than

Anna Lætitia Barbauld's tenets allowed her to give. Her *Easy Lessons* were a much more true success. "Little Charles," as every household tenderly calls "Early Lessons," displaced the earlier "Cobwebs to catch Flies," and probably three-fourths of the gentry of the three last generations have learnt to read by his assistance, in spite of the comical-sounding, though highly experimental criticisms on him in Edgeworth's "Practical Education."

The Taylors of Ongar were an offshoot of the Aikin school, but deserve special mention as the best of the poets for childhood. Of hymn-writers children have had only three really successful ones—Dr. Watts, at a much earlier period, Jane Taylor, and recently, Mrs. Alexander; and of these Jane Taylor was the least really able. Her *forte* lay in her secular poems, their astonishing simplicity without puerility, their pathos, and arch drollery. The incident of the little girl, in "Original Poems," who, seeing a lady in the towering head-dress of the period, exclaimed—

"What naughty tricks, pray, has she done,
That they have put that foolscap on?"

was, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck tells us, taken from herself. "Meddlesome Mattie" paying the penalty of a peep into grandmamma's snuff-box; the

"Duck who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puffing;"

the little boy who in his new nankeens, and "buttons bright as gold," fell into the embrace of a chimney-sweeper; the vain child who held herself to be "better than Jenny, my nurse," and is finally told,

"For 'tis in good manners, and not in good
dress,
That the truest gentility lies;"

are all fixed in our mind by the peculiarly lively lilt of the verse. We never enter Cavendish Square without recollecting how "little Ann and her mother were passing one day" in that direction, and the pathos must have been great in the sadder poems, for the only compositions

that ever drew tears from us in childhood were "The Lamentation of Poor Puss," and the "Life and Adventures of poor Dog Tray," both of which we hated accordingly.

Rousseau had, as we said before, set people theorizing on education, and two more of his brood remain to be noticed. All were contemporary, but for the sake of convenience we will mention Madame de Genlis first. The extraordinary vanity of the woman has made her autobiography lower our estimate of her, and scarcely do her justice, for really the governess who trained up Louis Philippe so exactly in the way he *did* go could have had no common powers. To read of the young prince in the Chevalier de Roseville's correspondence in "Adèle et Théodore," and watch the career of the heir of Orleans, is really enough to make one believe that human nature is the wax educational theorists would have us believe it. However, "Adèle et Théodore" is not a child's book. It was the "Veillées du Château" on which the authoress set her fame as a writer for children, so that she was firmly persuaded that it was personal animosity that conferred the prize of the Academy by preference upon "Conversations d'Emilie." We confess to agreeing with the Academy so far, that ever since we could appreciate the delicate aroma of French wit and irony, we have infinitely more relished "Emilie" than M^{de} de Genlis's "Veillées," though a young child would, of course, like story better than mere dialogue. We suppose the book is hardly extant now, except where old juvenile libraries have been tenderly preserved, but it is worth reading for its freshness and grace, and the delicate refined banter with which the mother treats Emilie's little follies. The child's confused way of telling a story is drolly depicted, and so is her self-sufficiency in having learnt the three names, "Animal, vegetable, and mineral." There is a capital dialogue when Emilie comes in from the Tuileries gardens immensely scandalized by a little girl whom she describes as attracting the attention of "*tout le monde*" by her airs and appreciation of her own *nœuds de manches*.

Tout le monde is reduced by the mother to two little girls and their *bonnes*, and Emilie's indignation is turned back on her own foibles most dexterously. Her desire to read her father's business-letters is gratified by giving her an enormously long one from his notary, which when we *did* adventure to read it, we found full of curious complications of seigniorial rights, and which poor Emilie is forced to read aloud at full length, without pause, comment, cough, or sigh. Altogether there is a dainty perfume about the whole that makes us wish it could be more known, but it is too light and fine for children, and grown people would hardly take it up.

Success has certainly been with its rival, the "*Veillées du Château*." The three children, César, Caroline, and Pulchérie, were portraits of M^{de}. de Genlis's own, the two girls by name; and the giddy but warm-hearted Pulchérie is so engaging that it is disappointing to know that her original was in after-life estranged from her mother. According to the fashion that had prevailed ever since the days of Boccaccio, there is story within story. The virtuous mother, Madame de Clémire, retires to spend the time of her husband's absence with her three children and their grandmother in the country, in the dismal *Château de Champcey*, where the wolves are said by the disconsolate maids to parade on the snow every winter night. Here the children are weaned from the Countess d'Aulnoy's fairy tales, by tales related in turn by their mother and grandmother. Delphine, the spoilt child, who was reformed by a residence in a cow-house, under the treatment of an excellent Swiss doctor—then really the fashionable cure for consumption; Eglantine, the excellently described indolent young lady, who was cured by losing her fortune; and the humble couple who built a house for themselves in the wood, are all excellent; and best of all is the story Madame de Clémire writes on being challenged to produce authentic wonders equalling those of fairyland. It somewhat reminds us of those school illustrations of natural phenomena where

rainbows, waterspouts, volcanoes, earthquakes, geysers, flood and fire, and all possible catastrophes, are represented as occurring on one square foot of paper, but the ingenuity is really wonderful. Alphonse, the frivolously educated son of a *parvenu* minister in Portugal, is interesting for his simplicity and wonderful proneness to get into scrapes. His father is first disgraced, and then loses all his property in the great earthquake of Lisbon, when poor Alphonse, by one of Madame de Genlis's touches of irony, perils his life to save the false pedigree in which he devoutly believes, but leaves the jewels to their fate. Wandering subsequently about the country, Alphonse, while sentimentalizing at the fountain of *Iñes de Castro*, saves a beautiful young lady from a mad bull, which immediately after is demolished by a poisoned pin stuck into the nape of its neck by the fair Dalinda's father, the wise Thelismar. (The good lady's explanatory notes never mention how to stick your pin into your bull.) Desperate love for Dalinda is the consequence, and finding that Thelismar is a Swede sent to travel on a scientific mission, Alphonse runs away from his father and follows him, in spite of beholding a meteor and of being caught in a bloodlike shower, and then stuck fast by the nails in his boots to a loadstone mountain, for which Madame de Clémire must really have gone to the Calendars with one eye. In spite of these slight obstacles he joins Thelismar, and obtains leave to accompany him, but in the meantime the fair daughter has been sent back to Sweden. It is too long to relate how all wonders of nature and art combine to persecute or amaze Alphonse; how he gets nearly murdered in a cave of the Guanches, and is almost drowned by an inundation in the Azores; how the "guide, Indicator, shows him the road" to a bees' nest, and the grotto of Policandro dazzles him with its native sculpture and jewellery; how automatons draw and play to rebuke his conceit, and pistols go off when he tampers with the locks of drawers; how Thelismar repeats Franklin's experiments with lightning, and becomes perfectly in-

tolerable by his cool superiority on all occasions; until at last Alphonse's poor old father is discovered—of all places in the world—at the bottom of the silver mines of Dalecarlia; there is a general forgiveness and a happy ending. It is a very amusing and instructive story, allowing for the century of subsequent discovery, and Policandro still is invested in our imagination with a charm derived therefrom. M^{me}. de Genlis made use of somewhat the same notion in a much less known work, where in one story the hero's eyes became microscopes, and spiders, flies, moss, &c. appear in distressing detail and proportion—an idea since repeated in "Good Words for the Young."

The fault of the "*Veillées du Châtea*" is that the latter volumes go quite beyond the reach of children. Even in the earlier ones, "*Olympe et Théodore*" is neither very comprehensible to children, nor very edifying, if it were, except as an example of the use of the *lettre de cachet* against a contumacious son, so late in French society. Even the ever-memorable "*Palais de la Vérité*," capital as is the idea, is really a satire on the untruthfulness of the fashionable society and the court, on the outskirts of which Madame de Genlis lived. It could hardly be otherwise. The young, "whose thought is speech, and speech is truth," would have suffered little in the halls where each person's carefully-framed words were forced unknown to themselves to express their real mind, where coquettes explained perforce the object of every pretty air, and flatterers complacently uttered the broadest personalities. And, most comical and ironical notion, the only person protected by a natural bulwark from being wounded by these home truths, or even from hearing them, is an author reading aloud his own works. To what order of beings the owner of the palace, le Génie Phanor, may be thought to belong, we are perfectly unable to say. Whether he be a classical *genius* or a Persian *djinn*—or, as his production of a drama would lead us to suppose, a genius in the modern

sense of the word—no one can say; but he has a queen wife and daughter, and his affection has been contended for by various fairies spiteful and beneficent. It is quite possible that he was a portrait of some character at that time extant at Paris. Two other stories in the same volume, one of a kind of mock Arcadia, the other of the quarrels of French academicians, are perfectly unreadable from sheer dulness. Madame de Genlis did much better for children in her later work "*Les petits Emigrés*," though even there she could not resist the temptation of running off into a novel. These were the last contributions of France to English child-literature for many a year, with the exception of Madame le Prince de Beaumont's quaint volumes of dialogues, the "*Magasins des Enfants, des Adolescens, et des Dames*," where the conversations are between *English* young ladies and a French governess, and very good conversations they are, though nobody reads them now. French masters and governesses uniformly discourage the reading of pre-Revolution books as being antiquated in style, instead of perceiving that the composition of that period was far superior to the present—which in general deals in far more free and easy and unidiomatic writing.

But while no one in France could do more than watch aghast the fearful march of public events, the quickened spirit of thought in England was in full activity. Children, as far as common sense would allow, were being brought up on the Rousseau system; R. L. Edgeworth tried it on one of his sons, and found it in its full completeness such a failure that the son was allowed to drop out of sight. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck weathered it by her own strong warm nature; and Thomas Day, after capturing two girls, to afford him a choice of a wife, brought up on the most perfect plan of simplicity in habits and cultivation of intellect, found one break down from native dulness, and cast off the other when on the point of marrying her, because she turned out too sophisticated to wear an unfashion-

able dress. As we know, Felix Graham tried the same experiment with Mary Snow in our own day, just as Miss Edgeworth had portrayed the like attempt and failure on the part of Clarence Harvey in her novel of "Belinda." Her "Forester," the uncouth original youth in "Moral Tales," is we believe a far truer likeness of Day than the fine gentleman Clarence, only for the sake of the moral Forester had to be tamed, and Day never was. He is best known as the author of "Sandford and Merton," once a child's classic standing next to "Robinson Crusoe," and really containing much that is very charming, though mixed with much queer unsatisfactory stuff of the theorist author. Miss Zornlin has of late years tried to weed it, but it is one of those books that there is no paring down—they must stand or fall all together; and we doubt if many of the present young generation have ever had enterprise enough to learn how Tommy Merton tried sledging with a kitchen chair and the big dog—how Harry Sandford piloted him across the heath by the aid of the polestar, and saved him from the violence of a baited bull: another strange trait of past manners. There is another tale of Day's, much less celebrated but very effective, called "Little Jack," where a foundling is nursed by a goat, reared by an old man on a common, becomes first a blacksmith, then a soldier, is cast on a desert coast and taken prisoner by the Tartars, when his genius in saddlery raises him to high favour with the Khan, and he finally comes home a rich man, and builds a house on the original common. Probably Mr. Day meant to inculcate the advantages of the beautiful simplicity of Jack's nurture, but the story was to us a mere charming tissue of enterprise and adventure, and conveyed no lesson of democracy.

Our copy of "Little Jack" was the first in a volume named "The Children's

Miscellany," a sort of prevision of an annual, and containing likewise, besides an unreadable history of the world, and "John Gilpin," the story of "Philip Quarl," by Defoe—a desert island story, in which the castaway sailor was solaced by a delightful monkey; and a very clever story of a child queen who, being despotic, banishes all insects because a wasp stung her, and then finds she can have neither honey nor silk; and when she is incommoded by the leaves, has them all stripped off and their place supplied by rose-coloured gauze. A general rebellion is caused, and her father returns to the rescue. We remember, too, a "Spoilt Child," who was taught to read an alphabet of spun sugar, and allowed to eat every letter he knew; then cured of cruelty by the dreadful warning of Charles the Ninth's history; and recreated with historical anecdotes of Damon and Pythias, Alcander and Septimius—one of the latter of whom got into trouble by firing a pistol in a robber's cave. But the books of the last century, with their dim type, long s, and united ct, were already scarce in our time; and perhaps the last of the period was a French story, published by subscription in England, (how we used to wonder at the list of names!) called "*Le Souterrain*," where Gabrielle and Angélique, two young ladies whose parents were in trouble in the Revolution, spent seven years in a cavern, and were finally discovered there in a grand *tableau*, playing on the harp and the *clavecin*, both dressed in white muslin, and *fonchées* with rose-leaves. How beautiful we thought it, and how little we concerned ourselves with the salubrity of the *Souterrain*!

But that age of sentiment and improbability was waning, and with the nineteenth century reason came into the nursery, and with it realism and purpose strong; and before entering on the didactic school we pause.

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MADAME WILL HAVE HER OWN WAY.

To return to Madame de Montaigu. After witnessing the baptism of her infant grandson by the Protestant pastor, with ill-concealed anger and disgust, she returned to her own apartments downstairs, and frightened her old husband by an outburst all the more violent from the restraint she had put upon herself just before.

"Well, well, matters will be arranged somehow, I dare say," said M. le Comte, not having much idea how matters could be arranged, since the deed was done, but wishing to soothe his angry wife. It was foolish of Raymond to thwart her so, he thought. If he would have the brat christened by a Huguenot pastor, why not have it done on the sly?

"Yes, I will arrange matters," exclaimed Madame, as she retired to her boudoir, where she sat plunged in thought for nearly an hour, while a steadfast scowl contracted her forehead. At last she rose, and moving quietly to a clothes-press, took out a long black hood, of exactly the same shape and texture as that worn by the peasant-women and most of the shopkeeping class, when going to mass or to confession. Drawing it round her so as to conceal her figure entirely, she turned to leave the room, taking a glance at her mirror as she passed. The view seemed not altogether satisfactory, for she made an impatient exclamation, and put up one hand to smoothe away the wrinkles from her forehead. She stopped a moment before the glass, trying to give her features a less harassed expression.

"That woman will make me grow old before my time," she cried. "There is only one consolation in the midst of it all, and that is, that if she dies now,

her money won't go back to her family. That son of mine is an infatuated fool. I do believe he is as much in love with her as when first they were married." And with a deep sigh, Madame gave her forehead another smoothing, and slipped off the diamond-ring she wore on her middle finger. Then, drawing the hood round her face so as to escape recognition, she opened her door, and glided stealthily through the servants' corridor to a little side-door opening on the garden. Once there, she walked on briskly through the thickets of roses and Persian lilac till she got to the path leading down through the vineyard to the village Presbytery. Under the shadow of the black hood she went boldly past the men who were at work mending the road, and entered the Presbytery, whose front door stood wide open, according to the Abbé d'Eyrieu's invariable custom. Seeing that the priest's three-cornered beaver hung on its nail, she went to the door of the dining-room and listened, intending to return to the château without speaking, if he had any one with him. She heard in a moment that the Abbé was reading his breviary half-aloud, so she knocked—no timid, gentle knock as of a penitent, but with a sort of authority. The Abbé, however, still went on reading; upon which Madame made a gesture of impatience, and knocked again. This time the priest's voice cried:

"Come in, my child!"—supposing it to be one of the village children come to see him. They were his only visitors on a week-day. The voice, cheery, genial, and sympathetic, smoothed the wrinkles from the Comtesse's brow as if by magic, in spite of D'Eyrieu's being out of her good graces on account of his ill-success in that matter of Estelle's conversion. She entered, and closed the door carefully after her.

Some time after, Pétronille came in

with a pitcher of water on her head, and catching the sound of voices in the dining-room, immediately put her pitcher down and applied her ear to the key-hole. That was not much good, for the conversation was being carried on in a provokingly low tone. At length she managed to catch a few words in French, not *patois*, which, however, only satisfied her that the conference was coming to an end. "At eleven, or a quarter-past. It is well." And almost before she had time to start back and stand in the kitchen doorway, the door opened, and a woman, muffled in a long black hood, passed out, without so much as a look or a word for Pétronille, and took the lower road to the château farm.

The Abbé followed the stranger out, and then went into the kitchen, where he kept Pétronille talking so long, that by the time she was free to look out on the road, it was deserted. . . .

Long did the old priest walk up and down his room after the departure of the Comtesse.

Her errand may have been guessed already. It was to apprise D'Eyrieu of her firm resolve to have her grandson baptized in the Catholic Church on the very first opportunity. At any hour of the day or night he was to hold himself ready to obey her summons. What had he to do but to obey? As a priest, his duty lay clear before him. And yet—he groaned as he thought of the friendly feeling which had sprung up between himself and the young married pair; and which would be replaced by angry estrangement when they learnt—as they would before long, for Madame de Montaigu would never be able to keep silence—that he had been the instrument in frustrating their express wishes regarding their first-born. They would never forgive him; and Raymond, poor, misguided soul, would hate the Catholic religion with a yet deeper hatred.

Mechanically putting his breviary under his arm, D'Eyrieu walked out through his garden on to the copse skirting the Montaigu vineyards. Two men were struggling hard within him.

One, the priest, bound hand and foot, in the Church's thrall; the other, the gentleman of a hundred ancestors: for D'Eyrieu had ancestry, though he was poor and of small account among men; and the gentleman within him was whispering persistently the word "under-hand," and applying it to the act he was contemplating.

Yes. But, on the other hand, was not baptism a necessity? Because the father was so smitten with blindness, should he hesitate therefore as to the right or wrong of bringing the child within the pale of salvation? If the father were indeed so blind, surely his duty was but the plainer.

Thinking thus, he came upon Raymond himself, smoking his cigar. Instantly his cigar-case was opened, and offered to the priest, who was not smoking. D'Eyrieu refused. He was going to do what would put an end to his friendship with this man; how could he accept a gift from him? A gift, too, so eminently social, so partaking of the nature of the bread and salt covenant.

But he refused it with such a dejected gesture, that Raymond looked at him.

"Refuse a cigar!" Something indeed must have befallen the Abbé. Could he know?

D'Eyrieu waved his hand and replied not. Presently he said, "I ought to congratulate you, Monsieur Raymond, on your accession to paternal dignities."

"Yes," Raymond answered simply; "as if I were not happy enough before, I have this over and above. I am a lucky fellow, dear Abbé."

"And yet this child's birth may bring—nay, will bring—more strife than peace to many of us."

"Peste!" thought Raymond; the priest was then cognizant of all the quarrelling which had been going on that day up at the château. Well, well! What else, after all, should he expect? He replied aloud: "With people's quarrelling I have no concern. Let them quarrel till they are hoarse; I and my wife are of one mind, and will be, I trust, always."

D'Eyrieu walked on; then turned

suddenly, saying, "Monsieur Raymond, I would to God you were not of one mind, in one thing at least. I wish that you would tell me if it were your intention to have your son baptized into the Catholic and Apostolic Church."

Raymond pressed his lips together; he was beginning to get angry. His mother, he thought, had been setting the priest on him. He endeavoured to speak calmly:

"Such is not my intention." Then he added, "My wife's wish was that the child should be baptized in her religion, and I saw no reason for not gratifying that wish. My theory is, that for the first six or seven years, the whole direction of the child should be given up to the mother. For my own part, I would rather not have had the child baptized at all."

"Good God!" was the priest's exclamation, as he involuntarily crossed himself. After a pause he said:

"This has deeply grieved your mother."

"My mother," returned Raymond, "is always deeply grieved when she can't have her own way."

This was so true that there was no replying to it.

"I will accompany you one turn more," said Raymond, "and then I must bend my steps homewards."

They had nearly reached the entrance to the vineyard, when D'Eyrieu stopped and said:

"Monsieur Raymond, let me thank you and your wife for the many little kindnesses which have smoothed my lot since I came to this parish. This may be my last opportunity of speaking—"

"You are not going away?" interrupted Raymond.

"No. But you will not wish our intercourse to continue, when I inform you that, seeing by your own admission that your son as yet only enjoys the privilege of baptism as conveyed through a heretic, and that you yourself would even deny him such a pseudo-baptism—I, as a priest of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, am bound to confer

on him that birthright of which you would thus cruelly deprive him. As I shall thus be going diametrically against your will, I expect that you will henceforth treat me as a stranger, or, worse than that, as an enemy. Yet, if you can and will, I would entreat you to remember me kindly, to consider that I am as a soldier under orders, and that my orders are very plain."

Raymond looked at him for a moment in silence.

"M. l'Abbé," he said, taking off his hat, "if I don't respect the Catholic religion, I respect you. You are an honest man, sir, and I beg you will honour me with your friendship as hitherto."

The Abbé was surprised. He had expected anything but this; he had braced himself up to endure scorn, and here was the right hand of fellowship offered instead.

"Ah!" he sighed, "if you would but believe!"

"No more of that," said Raymond. "Don't cajole me into argument. You know it is no good; I was born a free-thinker, and what is bred in the bone must come out in the flesh. Besides, you would not be quiet and hear *my* side of the question, for fear I should convert you."

"God forbid!" was the priest's answer. . . .

And so they parted, each secretly admiring and pitying the other. . . .

Madame de Montaignu was so radiant that evening, so cordial to Mrs. Russell, so complaisant to Monsieur, and so caressing in her manner to her son, that Raymond, even without his conversation with D'Eyrieu in the wood, would have felt sure she was plotting something or other. But what the plot was, became quite plain, when, while smoking at his window, he perceived a faint glimmering in the little window above the altar of the old chapel. "Oh ho, my lady mother," he thought, as he blew the long whiffs into the night-air, "are you going to bring my son and heir into the Catholic Church by the back stairs?"

He went and barred the entrance at the head of the stairs, and the servants' door, which stood wide open, and then sat down in the vestibule to wait the result. As the drawing-room timepiece struck half-past eleven, he heard his mother ascend the stone staircase and pant before the door for a minute or two. Then she turned the handle, and seemed in consternation at finding the bar up.

"What can have possessed them to bar the door to-night of all nights?" he heard her say, as she descended. The attempt was repeated at the servants' entrance, and then Raymond, returning to his study, saw the light disappear from the chapel window, and laughed long and silently at his mother's discomfiture.

Next morning at breakfast he could not resist asking her whether she had been disturbed about midnight, by people walking about; and admired the imperturbability with which she assured all whom it might concern that she had retired to rest earlier than usual, and had slept remarkably well.

But Madame could bide her time. One day, when Raymond had taken his mother-in-law for a drive, she suddenly made her appearance in Estelle's room, and ordered the nurse and baby out for a walk on the terrace. Five minutes later, she had them both safe in her own carriage, and was whirling down the avenue, and out on the road to Toulouse.

But not unobserved. Master Alfred, finding time hang heavy on his hands, had taken to the daily pursuit of bird-nesting, and was in the act of robbing a tree in the avenue when he observed the approach of the carriage. Leaving the nest for another time, he dropped from bough to bough, till he reached the branch nearest the ground, where he waited till the carriage passed; then, dropping lightly to the ground, he ran after it, and got up behind, intending to have a ride down the road and then come back for his nest. But as they rolled along, he thought he heard an infant cry, and resolved to hang on, and see the end of it. For it struck

him that Madame de Montaigu was a sort of spiteful fairy, who would stick at nothing which could annoy his sister; and she might be going to hide the baby away somewhere. Across the bridge and through the town they went, with Alfred clinging on behind—a most disgraceful spectacle—and so on through the Rue de la Pomme to the Cathedral, where they stopped. Alfred, dodging behind the wheel, saw Madame descend with nurse and baby, and enter the Cathedral, where, after waiting time enough for them to take the holy water and say an *ave*, he followed, and tracked them to the baptistery on the left of the nave. The baptistery of St. Etienne, truth to tell, loses much of its imposing appearance from being turned into a storeroom for the divers kinds of candles required for divine worship. However, none of the party present thought of that, the business in hand being to get the blessed child made a Christian as fast as possible. And Alfred being hot and tired, was not at all sorry to have a candle-box to sit on, while he watched the ceremony. He accompanied the carriage back as far as the entrance to the Montaigu grounds, where he got off, ascended his tree, and brought down his nest in triumph.

Meantime, Mrs. Russell had returned from her drive, and was distracting herself with conjectures as to her boy's whereabouts; the last accounts of him being that he had been seen going towards the marsh down by the river. She and Raymond were about starting off to look for him, when Jean-Marie appeared, hauling the delinquent in, torn, scratched, and green all over, with his bird's nest in his hand. Of course there was nothing to do except to kiss and scold him, and in the commotion caused by his being missed, and his reappearance, Madame got the nurse and baby up to their own apartment through the garden door without remark, and dressed for dinner in perfect charity with all the world, Estelle included.

But at dinner, Master Alfred, who, I am forced to admit, was in the habit of monopolizing the conversation without

much regard for his elders, took occasion to remark to his brother-in-law :

"I was in Toulouse this morning."

"In Toulouse?" exclaimed his mother; "why, child, you must be tired to death. And how could you be so wicked as to walk all the way in the hot sun? You might have had a sunstroke."

"I did not walk, Mamma. Madame was so kind as to take me."

"I!" cries Madame. "What does the child mean?"

"Yes," continued Alfred. "I had a very jolly ride. Not inside; up behind, you know. I went all the way; and once a dirty street-boy called out, 'Whip behind.' If I see that boy again, I'll lick him. And I went with Madame and nurse into St. Etienne, and——"

"What nonsense! The boy has lost his head," Madame cried, looking very angry.

"And I saw baby christened. And didn't he squall like a young pig, that's all!"

There was an awful silence. Old M. de Montaigu looked uncomfortable, Madame triumphant, Mrs. Russell offended, and Raymond the very quintessence of scorn.

After dessert, instead of retiring to Madame's drawing-room for coffee, Mrs. Russell opened her lips and said icily:

"You will allow me to bid you adieu, Madame, and retire to my apartment, as I wish to set out early to-morrow morning. Monsieur, I wish you a good evening." And with her most ceremonious curtsy, she left the room, accompanied by her son-in-law, and followed by Alfred, in some doubt as to whether he should get a scolding or not.

"Mother-in-law," said Raymond, when they were upstairs, "I beg you to accept my humble excuses. If I had had the courage to break through the pernicious custom of living under the same roof as the parents after marriage, this might never have happened. I feel the insult to yourself, my dear Madame, most acutely. I scarcely dare beg you to overlook it. But for my wife's sake, if you will be so good——"

But Mrs. Russell was implacable. She waved her hand, saying, "Let me hear no more, Raymond, I beg. I go to-morrow." And she added, moreover, to herself, "And I will never enter this house again as long as Comtesse Octavie is its mistress."

Comtesse Octavie, for her part, cared nothing whatever for Mrs. Russell's icy displeasure. She had saved her grandson from a possible Limbo, and she had frustrated her daughter-in-law's wish. That kept her happy for a long time.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SHOWS WHAT A WOMAN'S TONGUE WILL DO.

THE spirit of prophecy descended on Madame in no small degree as the summer wore on, and her crony Madame de Luzarches got into the habit of shaking her head like a Chinese mandarin, whenever Estelle's name was mentioned. For, of course, she was at the bottom of all this Anglomania of Raymond's. And what the future Comte de Montaigu would grow to, no one could dare say, at this rate. To begin with, the daily amount of soaping and sousing was a scandal, while as for the friction inflicted on that precious child, it was a veritable abomination. Yes, he was rubbed and scrubbed and rubbed again, as if he had been a young pig belonging to a peasant of Luz; and not a vestige of cap or swaddling clothes! That was absurd, was it not then, in a woman who studied the Bible? "I told her, my dear friend," said Madame, "that I had my director's word for it, that the infant Jesus was wrapped in swaddling clothes;—my director is a very well-read man, you know—and was not that sufficient precedent? And she laughed at me to the nose, my dear, she who gives herself airs of sanctity, and talks about educating the child to be a Christian philosopher! The arrogance of these Huguenots, it is overwhelming! I heard her forbid her maid, one day, to say *mon Dieu*—that simple exclamation—telling her it was offensive

to the Deity. As if the *bon Dieu* had not something to do besides to make note of all those trivial exclamations! And as for that child, it will grow up deaf and crooked, and then my son will be sorry. But I shall have warned him."

Yes, she had warned him. And in one respect, as she saw with grim satisfaction, her warning was come true. Estelle was making a hermit of herself, in her stupid senseless fondness for the child, and was further off than ever from satisfying Mrs. Russell's wish to see her a drawing-room queen. At the château, once up those stone stairs, and past that creaking oak door, she was queen, Raymond's queen, Bébé's queen; and with that little world at her feet, what cared she for the world outside? Madame's visitors—young creatures just promoted to the coveted title of Madame, and taking their full swing of the joys of society for the first time in their lives—or oldish ladies, whose only reason for ever staying at home was an economical one, a hard necessity,—considered this strange whim of Estelle's with a shrug of contemptuous pity, and expressed their thoughts delicately to Madame on this newly-imported, insular fashion. And Madame, mourning viciously over her daughter-in-law's dereliction from plain duty, would confide to one and all in whispers, that the worst was, her actually beguiling Raymond to stay at home with her.

"Yes, he positively goes out less and less. And their intimates are of the strangest description. One would think that with my experience they might have consulted me in making up their list of friends. But no, all is done without consulting me. And the consequence is, they have sometimes the strangest people staying with them.

"For instance, only lately, they had that Gascon poet, Jasmin, to stay a week. I considered that insulting on Raymond's part, when one thinks that Jasmin is an Orleanist, and that our family has always adhered faithfully to the direct line. Yes, and I used to watch them day after day, walking up

and down, up and down the terrace; Jasmin in the centre, with my son and his wife and that everlasting child beside him—yes, I've seen her carry that child for half an hour—then first he would spout, then Raymond, then he again; and she looking on all the while as if she could devour both with her two eyes. Then he complimenting her, and she kissing the child, pah! That's the kind of thing that went on. And when I have said, 'You don't cultivate Madame So-and-so, who is a woman perfectly well received here and at Paris,' she says coolly, 'I think her frivolous, and Raymond does not care about her.' And then, you know, she is as heretical as ever, and that is a great grief to me, dear friend, as you may well suppose."

Madame's complaints always wound up with this chorus; this, and Raymond's infatuation for his Huguenot wife.

But on the second summer after her grandson's advent, seeing that he was neither awry, nor a-squint, nor lame, she proposed to herself a slight distraction in the way of making a match between Mademoiselle Hortense d'Albaret, a young lady of seventeen, from the convent of the Sacred Heart, and a certain third cousin named Adrien Dubreuilh, who was voted by the family council to stand in great need of being reclaimed.

"And, *parbleu*," said old M. le Comte, between two pinches of snuff, "if you want him to become steady, go seek him a wife like my Huguenot daughter-in-law. It is a miracle the way in which that little witch has got Raymond under her thumb, with her soft voice and her quiet ways. He worships her shadow, I can see."

"He is failing fast; getting quite childish, you see, my dear," said Madame aside to M. Adrien's mamma.

"Madame, I am doing nothing of the kind," rejoins M. le Comte, "and my hearing is remarkably good. My daughter-in-law sits with me, and reads the newspaper when you are at church; ay, and books of devotion too; anything I ask her. And she

wears quiet dresses which don't agitate my nerves."

"That is not to the point," says Madame. And then they entered into the more interesting topic of Mademoiselle Hortense's dowry, branching off into a discussion on the marriage laws, which Madame de Montaignu had at her fingers' ends, as became an heiress and a practical woman. Hortense d'Albaret's dowry was not overwhelming, certainly, but she was an orphan with younger sisters, and it was highly necessary to establish her early in life, both on their account and her own. And M. Adrien was thoroughly well-born and well-bred, and once settled would make a charming husband, fit for a convent-bred girl.

While this matrimonial affair was pending, that outside world, for which Estelle cared so little, began to find out that there was something good in her after all. As soon as the Archbishop became aware of the impression in her favour, he loudly proclaimed that his own impression had been favourable all along. The world—within a radius of ten miles round the château—thereupon patted itself on the back, re-echoed Monseigneur's *dictum*, silenced Madame de Montaignu, and fixed an early day for young Madame Raymond's reconciliation to the Church. The day had already been fixed two or three times by a sanguine few, and they had been no more discouraged by the non-fulfilment of their predictions than are our English and Scotch prophets when the universe persists in going on beyond the date they have fixed for its final combustion.

For this sudden popularity, Estelle was partly indebted to her mother-in-law. People were getting weary of Madame's continual wailing over her daughter-in-law's heresy, and began to remember that she had consented very freely to the marriage for the sake of the heretic's money. But the proximate cause was this. Estelle, wishing to show her gratitude for what had been to her—sad and tremulous as she was then, and fearful alike of prospect and of retrospect—a very advent, namely, her boy's birthday, had, after consulting her

husband, formed a plan for a Children's Home, in which twelve of the most afflicted of God's little ones might be housed and nurtured.

She would willingly have done this in silence, and sought help in practical details from her husband only. But Raymond, though he detested the clergy as a body, felt strongly that unless protected by the Church, the whole scheme would fall to the ground. The Home, therefore, was placed under the Abbé D'Eyrieu's supervision, as chaplain and visitor, and both Raymond and his wife felt themselves fortunate in having to do with a priest whom at the same time they could so entirely respect as a man. But D'Eyrieu could not accept the offer of the chaplaincy without asking the permission of his diocesan, and so it all came out, and D'Eyrieu, quite unconsciously, got the credit of having brought about the whole thing, and was voted a man of rare talent by all the anti-Jesuit party. Madame, as soon as she saw which way the wind lay, steered her course accordingly, insisted on having the Home formally opened by Sa Grandeur, and invited a select party to meet him at breakfast. Sa Grandeur improved this opportunity of practising his spiritual blandishments on the future Comtesse, all the more that it was evident the Comte was getting sadly shaky, and that cousin Octavie was consequently very near putting in her claim to the dowager's *suite* of rooms upstairs. So much for the Archbishop and the Catholic party. If Estelle was less liberal in appearance to the Protestants, it was well atoned for in fact by the private donations, which poured into her charity-boxes. Even M. Cazères let pass her occasional remissness in attending his preaching, in consideration of her unbounded liberality; while, as to this particular charity which she had organized, if it were solely for Catholics, well and good; Protestants might be tampered with, and good to the body would be gained by the loss of the soul. It was far better that he and his colleague should apply her donations at their own discretion.

Raymond, too, had his full share of popularity about this time, on quite another account.

To all who are not Languedocians, it may be a matter of very small moment, even supposing that they are aware of it at all, that there exists in Toulouse a most ancient literary institution, calling itself the Society of Floral Games, and deriving its origin from the ancient troubadours.

This Society has for patroness and founder an apocryphal lady—Clémence Isaure—who, it is said, revived the science of the "*Gai Sçavoir*" in Toulouse, in the year of grace 1333. Apocryphal she is not to the members of the Society; in proof of their belief in her, they make a pilgrimage yearly in May to the church of La Daurade, in which, say they, her tomb once was; and then, after an *Ave* and *Pater* or so, pattered for the repose of her soul, they adjourn to the great hall of the ancient Capitouls, where, before a select audience, they distribute to various competitors, prizes, consisting of golden and silver flowers—the violet, amaranth, eglantine, marigold, and lily—for the best compositions in verse and essays in prose, for which the directors give the subject. The year before her marriage, Estelle had attended the distribution of prizes with Madame Fleury and Mademoiselle Mathilde, and had giggled, girl-like, behind her veil, at the mummings of a toothless old gentleman, who, after making various halts, at last finished the reading of a paper which turned out to be a memoir of the Tomb of *La Reine Pédauque*, a lady of whom it need only be said that the immensity of her goodness and of her feet was equally celebrated. Mademoiselle Mathilde would have giggled willingly too, as soon as it was explained to her that the paper was all about a queen goose-leg, and that the writer of it had actually gained the first prize, but Madame Fleury was close by, and she was Toulousan born, and thought the Floral Games not an institution to be made game of; besides which, the pious young man to whom Mademoiselle Mathilde

was destined, had written a poem, which, though Estelle had thought it miserable trash, was listened to with equanimity, and gained the silver lily. This was, of course, important to Mademoiselle Mathilde, and she had felt aggrieved that it should not be known by all her friends that she was to be the wife of such a talented young man as M. Théodore Beaucens.

This year, Estelle had attended the distribution of prizes with a feeling that it was no longer for her an affair to be laughed at, even though the papers should all be mumbled over by old gentlemen with never a tooth in their heads. Even the dust-covered, noseless statue of Clémence Isaure in her cold niche had gained a right to respect. For Raymond was a member of the institution, and a poem of his was to be read, which Estelle was sure ought to gain the first prize. She felt her heart beat when the opening lines were read; and glanced round timidly as the reading proceeded, to see whether the subject carried the audience with it. As she marked one face and another roused to an expression of lively interest, the exultant feeling in her own bosom rose far higher than it did in Raymond's. She could feel wholly proud of her husband; he was criticising his work, and wishing he had done it better. The poem gained the first prize, and people came up to congratulate. Raymond, for the first time in his life, felt his friends' praise to be undeserved, and got away outside the hall. It was Estelle who received these adulations; they were doubly sweet to her, because she believed every word, and she treasured up the honied phrases to repeat to her husband. But the summit of her exultation was reached when Jasmin wrote telling Raymond that he would be heard of in Paris before long. Then Raymond himself took heart again, and consented to see some merit in his poem. Jasmin had criticised his performances too often for him not to believe that his praise was genuine. One thing in Jasmin's letter was distasteful to Raymond. Jasmin advised him to

keep clear of politics. And Raymond did not wish to keep clear of them; but, on the contrary, wished to increase his knowledge of such things as are considered necessary for a politician to be acquainted with, hoping that at some distant day, France might be a republic, and he himself a deputy and leader of a party. Estelle did not go the length of wishing for a republic; she had never as yet been able to see the beauty and perfection of a republican form of government. Besides, if to arrive at this perfect state of affairs it was necessary for a nation to wade through such seas of blood as France had done, she would rather that things should go on in the old way. In spite of all Raymond's arguments, she had not as yet been brought to see that these seas of blood might be a "holy necessity." What she did think it no harm to wish for was, that there might some day be a free Parliament in France, where a man might speak out bravely his own thoughts, and express the wishes of his constituents, without fear of the Tuileries. But as such a thing as a free Parliament did not seem to be within the reach of the nation at present, her wish was not an ever-present one. That Bébé should be well and fat, and that Raymond's political studies should not interfere with his writing poetry, were the things of greatest importance to her. As Bébé grew older, he was taught that though he might do what he pleased anywhere else in the house, Papa's study was a sacred place, in which he must keep quiet and touch nothing. So well was he made to understand this, that his father never found it necessary to shut himself up for writing and reading, but could read politics or write verses with the boy on his knee and Estelle by his side, ready to take her pet as soon as silence and stillness became wearisome to him. Raymond got to think at last that he wrote better in such company than when alone. Whether he did or not, matters little to this story, which has to do with him only so far as his life affected Estelle's. But under

different conditions; as, for instance, that his wife had been a fussy, rustling woman like his mother, or that Bébé had been multiplied by half-a-dozen,—I am inclined to suppose that Raymond, in spite of a finely balanced nervous system,—or, if you like better, the natural love of a Frenchman for noise and clatter,—would have perched himself and his writing-table up in the turret furthest from the nursery. But to return.

The terms of the marriage-contract having been settled, Madame de Mont-aigu became extremely busy about her *protégée's* wedding-outfit; what with that, and the putting on of a little more worldly polish than the good nuns had thought either necessary or desirable for a girl whom they chose to believe destined to the cloister, Madame had her hands full. Hortense was docile enough, having practised unquestioning obedience at the convent almost ever since her childhood; and Madame began to think that it would be a much pleasanter task to take her out into society after her marriage, than it had been in the case of the "marble Englishwoman." Hortense was afraid of Estelle at first, having heard her stigmatized both in the convent and out of it, as a "hardened heretic." But the attraction of a romp with Bébé overcame her fears, and she got at last into the habit of spending her mornings upstairs, while Madame was at church, or engaged in household matters. With Estelle only, she would prattle away like an eager, ignorant child. With Raymond there, she relapsed into the demure convent-girl, and would sit with hands folded and eyes cast down, as if she were in the presence of the Holy Mother, where it was penance to speak except in answer to a question.

She sat by Estelle one hot morning, playing as usual with Bébé, and, Raymond being away, her tongue ran on unchecked on all the various topics connected with her approaching marriage. She should be allowed to wear a Cashmere shawl, velvet, Honiton lace, feathers, and jewels; she would read

novels; she would read even the Bible, if her director allowed it. She intended to make the Abbé d'Eyrieu her director, because she had heard him say he liked young people to enjoy themselves while they could. When her sisters were grown up, she should have them to live with her, and try to establish them in life, as their mother would have done had she lived; as Madame de Montaignu was kindly doing for her.

"It is a dreadful thing," said the convent girl, "to have so few relations as I have, and to be an orphan. I was getting sick of the convent, and the sisters were always trying to persuade me that I had a vocation. I scarcely ever saw my own little sisters, who were in the lowest class. If this match had not turned up for me, I had made up my mind to ask our director to speak to the Mother about establishing me, the next time I went to confession. There is something I want to ask you," she said abruptly, after a pause.

"Well?" said Estelle, who had been trying to put herself in the position of a girl bred among nuns and priests, and wondering what would have been the result on her own mind of such surroundings for, say, ten years.

"I do so want to know," said the girl, eagerly. "You are a Protestant, it is true; but you are married; you ought to know something about it. Is it wrong to love one's husband passionately? I asked once, and the sisters said one must only love God and the Holy Virgin so. And I got a penance for having asked the question. Do tell me, you who are married. Is it wrong?"

"God forbid!" said the young wife. "My child, there are many things I do not know; but this much I can say with certainty: Love your husband with all your heart and strength; in the same degree, though not in the same kind, as the nuns tell you to love the Holy Virgin."

"You say that as if you meant it," said Hortense, eyeing Estelle curiously. "One more thing. Is it allowable,—with regard to propriety, I mean,—to love one's husband before marriage?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about that," cried Estelle, laughing. "You had better ask Madame de Montaignu, who has so much more experience than I."

"I should like to know," Hortense pursued, pertinaciously. "It is permitted in England, is it not?"

"I cannot tell you anything about it," said Estelle, who thought Hortense was getting tiresome. Hortense was silent, and played with Bébé, while Estelle resumed the work her chattering had interrupted; it was the copying out some ill-written and much corrected manuscript of Raymond's. By and by she looked up brightly, saying, "I hear my husband coming."

"I hear nothing," said Hortense, putting Bébé off her lap and listening.

"My dear child, you must be deaf! He is half way up the avenue. I wish he would not ride at such a mad pace."

"I hear him well enough now," said Hortense. "I shall say good-bye, Madame Raymond; I know you want to get rid of me. You always do when Monsieur comes in from his ride." And with a pout, half fun, half earnest, Hortense took her departure.

Estelle sat listening. Then she rose and went to her window, just over the entrance, and dropped a rose from the bouquet on the table right on to Raymond's head as he dismounted. She held the venetian in her hand, expecting him to look up and speak. But he, giving no heed, told the servant in waiting to look well after the horse, and passed hastily to the inner court, where, the doors being all wide open, Estelle heard him asking where his mother was. "So," she said to herself, "he seeks her, not me, first. That must be for something special. Usually he is not so eager to be worried by her after a long ride." She waited for half an hour, then three-quarters; and had made her mind up to feel aggrieved, when Raymond suddenly burst in, hot and angry as a Spanish wind, and threw himself down on the couch nearest her chair, fuming at a great rate at somebody or something.

Estelle waited prudently till the storm

of words had somewhat spent itself, and then asked the very natural question:

"What is it all about?"

"That brute, Adrien! If ever a man deserved a kicking!" And, in default of the said Adrien, Raymond spurned a sofa cushion which Hortense had left on the ground, after a game of Bo-peep with Béb . Estelle asked what Adrien had been doing.

"What was that story about the man who had his house swept clean for him, and then went and took to himself seven other devils worse than the first? I'll never speak to the fellow again; I'll cut him, if I meet him in this very house—if my mother is such a fool as to have him here, which I hope she won't."

"What has he been doing? I thought he had ranged himself, as your mother puts it."

"Heaven save the mark!" ejaculated Raymond. "I fear Adrien was past ranging when she took him in hand. I can't tell you all about it; and if I could, it would not mend matters. It is all very intricate, and very disgraceful. And the worst is, he does not care a rap. You can understand this, that he hasn't got two hundred francs left in the world. That tells something, I think."

"And the wedding that is to be next month!"

"Is to be? Ought it to be? If that child were your sister, would you not try to stop it, when I tell you that Adrien has failed in every promise he made my mother, when she undertook to make the match for him?"

"I was not thinking of that. But what will Madame de Montaigu say? She will never brook the failure of her own plan. She will talk of bringing him to order. And do it, too."

"Confound her plans! Let him go to the dogs his own way." And then a step was heard in the ante-room very like that of Madame la Comtesse, and Raymond, declaring that he had had enough of her for a while, retreated, saying, "Tell me when she is gone."

Madame gave a sharp rap, and entered, before her daughter-in-law could say "Come in."

"Where is thy husband?" she asked, looking round majestically, as she took a seat on the sofa.

"He is somewhere in the house," said Estelle, "he was with me just now. He is vexed about your cousin, Monsieur Adrien."

"Heavens!" cried Madame, pointing to the farther end of the room. "Look! look at that child! it is a shame to permit him to try his strength in that manner. He has actually raised himself to stand by that chair. It makes me feel quite faint." As she said this, she placed herself in a reclining attitude, and opened her smelling bottle.

Estelle felt nettled, and said coldly, "Dear me, he does that so often now that I don't notice it. Why, he crawls about here all day, and stands up and tumbles down, twenty times an hour. Don't you, my pet?"

B  b , hearing himself addressed, turned his head, lost his balance, and came down plump, eliciting a loud scream from his grandmamma.

"I beg that may not occur again while I am here," she cried. "I beg that he may be sent away, or that you will take him up. His legs will be broken one day; they are crooked now. If you had half-a-dozen sons, you might make experiments upon them, but with only one——"

Estelle walked across the room with a gesture of impatience, and snatched her boy up in her arms. A very angry rejoinder rose to her lips, but she swallowed it, and sat down, giving B  b  his shoes to play with.

"About Monsieur Adrien," she began, for the sake of saying something. That turned the channel of Madame's thoughts to its former direction.

"Adrien," she cried, "is an arch-scoundrel. I have said the word. There! I am out of all patience with him." And then followed a very clear catalogue of Adrien's misdeeds; for being, as she said, out of all patience, she did not mince her words. There seemed, indeed, to Estelle, nothing for it, but that Adrien must go to the dogs his own way, as her husband had said.

"I am sorry for poor little Hortense," she said. "I fear her heart was set on it. She seemed so grateful to you for making the match." Madame stared. "Grateful! Oh yes, I do not complain of her. It is Adrien who is ungrateful. If the affair had not been settled, I would have broken it off, I am so angry with him. I think I would break it off, even now, if he were not a connexion."

"I cannot see why that should be a reason," said Estelle. "You say yourself, mother-in-law, that he is a thorough scoundrel. Are you just to Hortense in marrying her to him? Are you giving her a chance of happiness?"

Something very like this had Raymond said an hour before, and had angered his mother greatly. In fact, they had had one of their worst encounters; Madame's blood was boiling over, yet.

"Happiness!" she cried, contemptuously. "Who ever said I wanted her happiness? You talk like a shepherdess of Arcadia. She wanted establishing, and Adrien wanted ranging, for the credit of the family. It is a marriage of convenience, such as I made myself: such as my mother made before me. I am angry with Adrien, because he has broken his promises to me. He made none to Hortense that I know of. For me, it will be rather more expensive an affair than I bargained for. But no one shall say I am wanting in family feeling."

"And you mean then," cried Estelle impetuously, "to give her—that child—to a man whom you consider a disgrace to your family, just because he is one of your family? A man whom my husband declares he will have nothing to do with!"

"Upon my word," sneered Madame, "your husband is mighty particular."

"My husband is right, Madame. And you are doing Hortense d'Albaret a cruel wrong, if you do not break off this marriage."

Madame rose. "I did not come here to be dictated to," she said, in a voice that trembled with anger. "What I came for, was to say that I will not have either of you meddling between me and

Hortense. She is in my charge, remember."

"The child has a tender little heart," cried Estelle, not at all afraid, although she saw by Madame's eyes what a passion she was in. "She will begin by loving her husband; and he won't care a straw for her after the first week. She will be hurt, shocked, disgusted. Perhaps they will quarrel. Then they will hate each other. And then—then——"

"Hortense will take life as a rational being should, probably," said the Comtesse. "You forget that you are a woman of twenty, and talk like a lackadaisical creature in a story-book."

"I am only speaking what I believe my husband feels," said Estelle.

"Thou annoyest me with thy interminable husband," cried Madame, shrugging her shoulders—"who gives himself these airs of Puritan, without being one whit better than Adrien, scoundrel as he is. Bah! All the men are alike, thou poor trusting ninny!"

"Mother-in-law!" Estelle exclaimed, rising haughtily as she spoke. Then she added, "But you are angry, and don't care what you say. Nevertheless, I beg you not to say that again."

"Why not?" said Madame, defiantly. She saw she had ruffled her usually calm daughter-in-law to some purpose now, and felt diabolically glad. "Why not?" she repeated, looking Estelle over from head to foot.

"Because it is an insult to him, to me!" Estelle cried, every nerve quivering with anger. "Because it is utterly untrue. My husband! Raymond! To think that you, Madame, of all women, should mention him in the same breath with that wicked Adrien! You, his mother, say that! It is too shameful!" She sank down in her chair again, and hid her face in her boy's little neck. She felt she could not have spoken a word more, or her passion would have dissolved itself in tears. And she was determined not to give her mother-in-law the pleasure of seeing her cry.

"You stand up for him with a devotedness worthy of a better cause," said the Comtesse, moving towards the door.

"You are dreaming, daughter-in-law, and will awake one day. May the dream be long, as well as pleasant; I have no objection. When you do awake, don't accuse me of letting you dream too long, that's all!" And with that she departed, humming a tune with her cracked voice.

Estelle shut the door as soon as the rustle of her dress had ceased, and burst into a passion of tears. She felt as if she could bear the weight of her mother-in-law's temper no longer; as if she must beg her husband to take her away, although she had vowed to herself over and over again that she would never be the one to separate mother and son. But Madame had gone too far now, she told herself. She had tried to undermine her faith in her husband; that faith which had grown so steadily ever since her marriage; from which her love had sprung. For she did love him now, she declared to herself. How could she do otherwise? Was he not worthy? And was he not her boy's father? Yet, even while she was making up her mind that she and Madame must live apart, there rose before her the difficulty of separation. Her husband would inquire her special cause of vexation. How could she tell him? And would he feel justified in separating their household without a special reason, knowing the deeply rooted prejudice of the country towards living under the same roof with the parents? Even supposing him to be satisfied of the necessity of a separate home, what would people say? They would blame her, call her mischief-maker. So they might. But they would blame him too, for his weakness in being so led away by her as to fail in the respect and deference due to parents from an only son. She felt that she could even better bear her mother-in-law's viper tongue at home, than be conscious that she had brought blame on her husband from abroad. And so she tried to leave off crying, and decided on keeping silence, as hitherto, on all those vexed questions which regarded Madame. But now that she had once begun to think of this incompatibility of temper, every instance of it that had

occurred since her marriage rushed into her mind; all the petty slights, the stinging words, the unwarrantable interference to which she had been subjected. She tried in vain to stop herself; the tears would not be forced back now, and when Raymond came back, his tempestuousness soothed for the nonce by a good cigar, she was still sobbing bitterly, and could not answer him when he, astounded, demanded what was the matter.

His face grew dark. He knelt beside her, and smoothed her hair. "My mother is at the bottom of this," he said; "what has she been saying?"

"Never mind. Nothing," his wife said at last by a strong effort. "I was silly to be so vexed. It won't happen again." And she wiped her eyes and tried to smile, and put her face up for him to kiss.

Raymond did not choose to be put off in this way. He knew his wife was not given to crying for nothing. "I must know about this, Estelle," he said, very kindly, but firmly.

"No, no," she cried. "Do not ask. An hour hence I shall have forgotten. Why should I tell you? Women say sharp things and don't mean them, half their time. I was silly to care."

"Sharp things, eh? I shall beg her to keep her sharp things for me. I can answer her in her own key."

He rose and walked to the door. She flew after him and drew him back. "Do not, for my sake," she cried. "She only vexed me with her sharp tongue, as she vexes everybody."

"She may vex whom she will, but not you," said he. "Tell me what she said, for if you don't, I'll have it from her."

Estelle began to tremble. "Oh, Raymond, why should you mind, if I say I don't?" she cried, looking up piteously at him.

He turned again to the door, saying, "No woman shall make my wife cry, as I saw her crying just now, while I can prevent it."

"Come back," she cried, "come and sit down. Oh, Raymond, why won't

you understand, when I tell you not to ask? Things only get worse by repeating."

He sat down, and drew her upon his knee. "This is what I understand," he said: "my wife does not trust me."

This was worse than ever. She could have torn her eyes out for having cried so at Madame's stinging speeches. But even a quarrel with his mother was better than that he should think his own wife failed in her trust of him. She began speaking hurriedly:

"It all began about that horrid Adrien. She said all sorts of things against him; said he was a disgrace to her family, and so forth; and yet she did not intend to break off the marriage with Hortense. And—perhaps I ought not to have spoken, but I could not help it; I was so sorry for Hortense's being so thrown away—I said she was not acting justly to Hortense, and that I was sure you felt the same as I did. And she got very angry: she was in a bad temper when first she came up, and made remarks about Bébé; and she said one thing and another, and then she said—she said that you were just as bad—as bad as that wretch Adrien. And I could not bear that! Oh, how could she be so cruel—so cruel!" she cried, throwing her arms round her husband's neck, and bursting into tears again. "How dared she speak so falsely of my Raymond? Raymond, I hate her! I can't help it. She might have found fault with me and my doings to the end of the chapter, and I would not have minded, but to say *that*—There! now you know what I was crying for. Kiss me, dear, and don't let us speak of it any more." Raymond touched her cheek mechanically, and then put her off his knee, and walked through the window on to the balcony.

She saw that his face was very pale, and thought it was with anger at his mother: for that was just his way when he was provoked at anything; he would be pale and silent first, and storm afterwards. Bébé, all this time, had been sitting on the floor, trying to put on his shoes. Now he began to

feel himself neglected, and whimpered accordingly. She took him in her lap, and soothed him by singing softly a French nursery rhyme.

"Oh, boy, buy!" she cried, suddenly breaking off in the midst, "grow up like your father; like your father, my dear, not like your cousin Adrien."

Raymond heard her, as he leaned moodily against the wall by the window. He smote his forehead with his outstretched hand, muttering something to himself, and entered the room.

"Don't tell the boy what is not true," he said, passing quickly to the back of her chair; "I am not so unlike Adrien as you think."

She jumped up, and stood looking at him with her boy in her arms. She thought he was out of his mind, or that she had heard wrong.

"Don't look at me like that!" he cried vehemently. "Oh, what an old viper my mother is!" And then he began walking up and down the room, with his head in his hands, as if he wanted to say something stronger, but would not.

"Raymond," his wife ventured to say.

He came and stood at the back of her chair again, and just touched her shoulder as he spoke.

"My dear—for you are my dear—I don't want to shock you. I would never have said a word; but after what my mother said, if I don't speak I shall feel such a hypocrite! I cannot be that, even to keep your love, *mignonne*. She was very cruel, dear; she had no right to say what she did; but—she was not quite wrong, not so completely wrong as—as you suppose."

"Are you—are you out of your mind?" she said, turning as pale as he. "Do you know what you are saying?" She got up and looked at him. "You have been riding in the hot sun, and I am sure you have got a sunstroke. You are looking like death, Raymond!"

"I wish I had got a sunstroke," said he; "but I have not. I know what I am saying."

She sat down on a seat away from

him like one stunned. She heard him speaking, but his voice seemed miles away, and the words brought no meaning to her ear. At last she became conscious that he was saying something like this:

"—Before I even knew your name, I devoted myself to you, and I have kept my vow. I swore to myself that if there were a heaven, you should show me the way; and you have shown me. . . . How long have we been married? I don't know. The time seems long, and yet short; but I haven't a notion how I existed before. And yet, it seems strange, even now, that I should have you—you, all to myself. . . . You, whom I saw first in a ball-room, sitting quiet and pale, all in white, with a grave mouth, and dreamy eyes with that odd look in them, as if you were looking through the wall and saw heaven on the other side. I got into corners and watched you dancing; you didn't seem to care about it, and I thought you were sad about something. I never rested till I found out who you were. . . . What can I say? How can I make you believe in my love? I tell you I belong to you till death. Will you let an old woman's sharp tongue come between us?"

She tried to speak, but she felt stupid, and the words would not come, only a sob escaped her lips. He thought her silence was condemning him, and began walking swiftly up and down the room, gathering vehemence as he went.

"What! you sit there like a block of ice? You have no pity, nothing but contempt, not a grain of love? Would it not stand? Am I to find my curse where I had my blessing? Why did you set me so high? Why did you ever imagine me to be such a spotless being? See, now you will hate me!"

Her lips quivered a little at this. Why indeed had she set him so high? And yet, how should she set him anywhere if not on high? Her boy's father, so true, so tender, so chivalrous even in the trivialities of their daily life! It was the surprise of it all that stunned

her and kept her dumb. He came and flung himself down beside her, grasping her dress with his hands.

"Estelle! Estelle!" he cried passionately, "speak; say even that you hate me—tell me to leave you—anything but this terrible silence. I will do anything, anything you wish. I will go away, if you like—away from you and the boy. Only speak! Are you so hard? Yet they say God forgives. Would to God I were dead; you would love me then!" He hid his face in the folds of her dress, and his voice died away in a sob.

That roused her. She had been in a maze, and his wild words and vehement gestures only seemed to confuse her more. Now this much became clear—that he loved her very dearly, and that he was in sorrow. That was enough for her. She let the boy slide away from her lap, caught her husband's hands in her own, and kissed his cheek. He felt hers was wet as it touched his: "Don't waste your precious tears on me," he cried. "What am I, that I should be wept over? Only a man that loves you. What of that? I have shocked you. Go!" He tried as he spoke to take his hands away. She let them go, but put her arms round his neck instead.

"My dear. My dear." And that was all she could say for a while. . . .

"Is it to be all the same between us?" he asked, at length.

"Not quite. Not quite the same to me, for I never knew before how dearly I loved you, my Raymond."

The colour flashed back into his face as she kissed him.

"You never gave me a kiss like that before," he said.

"You are so noble, so brave," she said. "I had no idea how brave. You are mine. I hold you for ever."

"Till death!" he murmured, kissing her hands.

"Till death? No," she cried, with sudden inspiration. "Once united, shall death separate us? We are one for ever and ever!"

And when old Jean-Marie appeared

with a face of wrath to tell Monsieur that Madame la Comtesse had appropriated Madame Raymond's pony-carriage which was standing ready for her usual drive, and had ordered her coachman, to drive her into Toulouse—these two were so happy that they did not care one whit, although at another time both would have felt deeply annoyed at Madame's want of ceremony. They went out and walked under the shade of the beech-woods instead. Both felt that a new epoch in their lives had begun; that unknown depths in the heart of each had been sounded. And heart answered to heart in silence. At length, as the Angelus rang out, and they turned their steps towards the château, Raymond said:

"Love, my mind is made up; we will go to Paris."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ARCHBISHOP PUTS HIS FINGER IN THE PIE.

It was not to be supposed that Madame de Montaigu would acquiesce in Raymond's decision without a struggle. Finding that he turned a deaf ear to all her arguments, she resolved to try what the Archbishop's eloquence could do towards the prevention of the contemplated scandal. She found Sa Grandeur in the worst of tempers. The Provincial of the Jesuits had just made him the request—with a mixture of audacity and humility—that he would officiate at the consecration of the new church, whose erection had already given him so much umbrage. But Sa Grandeur put aside his mortification to listen to his cousin. She was a person of too much consequence to be put off, and there was nothing for it except to promise to bring his personal influence to bear on her son, and, if necessary, on her daughter-in-law; who, Madame assured him, was a most incomprehensible young woman, mischief-maker, and what not; a very thorn in her side, and, in spite of her modest looks, by no means fit to be trusted away from ma-

ternal surveillance. Thus prejudiced, Sa Grandeur came out to Château Montaigu, installed himself in Madame's drawing-room, and proceeded to arraign Raymond and Estelle for the alleged want of respect and filial devotion—himself being judge, jury, and counsel for the prosecution, all in one. M. le Comte fidgeted in his chair, and took snuff continuously. Estelle remained silent, turning white and red by turns, while Sa Grandeur put forth his *ultimatum*; to the effect that, as it seemed that Madame Raymond and Madame de Montaigu unhappily could not agree, it would be better to think seriously of an amicable separation, which should not lacerate the parental hearts of Monsieur and Madame. Instead of the contemplated move to Paris, he begged to propose that Madame Raymond should reside somewhere in or near Toulouse, under the guidance of some confidential friend, and within reach of a daily, or at any rate a frequent, visit from her husband, who should continue to reside under his father's roof. The child, of course, to remain with his mother until other arrangements be entered into, or till such time as it was judged fit to begin his religious training (Monseigneur did not choose to suppose Raymond other than a Catholic; in the presence of the Comtesse propriety forbade such a supposition). As to pecuniary matters, he believed he was right in saying—here Madame nodded emphatically—that no obstacle would be raised by Monsieur or Madame to any arrangement Madame Raymond might wish to be made. Madame's sole object was to live in peace, and to enjoy the respect and affection of her family.

Raymond had listened to all this with a determination to hear everything that Sa Grandeur chose to say. He now rose, and said:

"Enough, Monseigneur! As a married man, let me observe what I might have known well enough before: that a priest is no fit judge between husbands, wives, and mothers-in-law. Were it not that you are ignorant of our side of the question, I should think you meant to

insult both Estelle and myself. Adieu, Monseigneur, I leave you with Molière's advice: 'Get a better pair of spectacles.'"

And he quitted the room with his wife, leaving his father and mother, and above all the Archbishop, aghast at his audacity.

Madame burst into tears. "It cuts me to the heart," she cried, "that a son of mine should affront you so. It is all the fault of his wretched wife."

"*Peste!*" said the old Comte, who had nearly emptied his snuff-box during the interview, "Estelle never said a single word."

"That was just a piece of her slyness. If she kept silence with her tongue, she said enough with her eyes. I saw the look she gave when he made that impertinent speech. Telling a Prince of the Church to get better spectacles, forsooth!"

Sa Grandeur's temper was not mollified by Raymond's rebuff, especially as he felt that there might possibly be a grain of right on the other side. He refused the Comtesse's hospitality, and drove off, saying as he entered his carriage: "*Si aut-ém ecclesiam non audierit, sit tibi sicut ethnicus et publicanus.*"

Madame did not see fit to take leave of her recalcitrant children. Early on the morning of their departure, she carried off Hortense, and remained in Toulouse till they were gone. She would have carried off her husband too, but he refused point blank, saying he would not be mixed up in her quarrels. He embraced Estelle and the child, lamenting that they could not remain and live in peace. "I see many things," he said, "but I am old, and cannot contend, as thou knowest, pretty one. But I shall sadly miss thee. Who now will read daily to me, and bring me a rose for my button-hole? But it avails not to complain. We know who in this house has a tongue, don't we?" So the old man dismissed them, and went back to his solitary room and his game of Patience.

It was not till Estelle was fairly settled in Paris, that she realized the full enormity of the Archbishop's pro-

position. During her residence at the château, all her energies had been absorbed in the avoidance of offence towards her mother-in-law. Even husband and child had occupied little of her thoughts in comparison. Now that she was able to enjoy their society, and lavish her devotion on them without hindrance, Madame's cruelty stood out in its true proportions. She scarce knew which to detest most: the hardheartedness which had prompted the project of separation, or the cowardice which had made the Archbishop its mouthpiece. Then, too, arose another fear, which had not hitherto possessed her. This was, that her boy would be withdrawn from her influence as he grew older, on pretence of instruction in the Catholic religion. As long as Raymond was angry with his mother, well and good. He would not go within reach of her, she knew. But, his anger evaporated, her father-in-law or the clergy, or both, would try to bring about a reconciliation. They should go back to Château Montaignu, and the last state of things would be worse than the first. Madame had had the child baptized by a Catholic priest in defiance of Raymond's wishes. Was it likely she would stand by with the child within reach, and see him educated in his mother's tenets? And, then, if anything happened to Raymond—

A glance at Raymond might have dispelled the cold shudder that ran through her frame as this idea took possession of her mind. He was in full enjoyment of his usual splendid health, handsomer than ever, if possible; more equable in temper, certainly; Madame being too far off to ruffle him.

But this new apprehension was precisely of the kind that cannot be laid to rest at will. Estelle could not impart it to her husband, and be laughed out of it, or get it explained away. It had to be kept down as best it might. And she felt like a deceiver at times, when after a short absence Raymond would complacently regard her rapture at seeing him again as a proof of her undivided devotion to him, whereas her conscience told her that the joy at his return, like

the misery during his absence, arose not so much from pure wifely attachment, as from the thought that while she had him she had her boy safe. And, danger from sickness apart, during any one of these absences a railway accident might occur, and he might be brought back to her a mangled corpse. Some expression of this fear escaped her on one occasion, when Raymond, who had been visiting some exiled countrymen at Brussels, returned several hours later than he was expected, in consequence of an accident happening to another train on the same line. He laughed at her at first, then told her it was highly complimentary to him that she should have been so anxious, but left off bantering when he touched her hands and felt what a fever she was in; and said kindly that when detained another time he would send a telegram.

"Thank you," she murmured, "for not thinking me too silly. But you know I have nothing in the world except you and the boy."

"I say ditto," replied he. "Fathers and mothers don't count here, do they? Mignonne, how did we manage to put up with grandmamma's tongue so long? I say, how did we do it?"

"I hope we shall never have to do so again," said she.

"Again? Why, of course, you don't imagine I shall be such a fool as to put my neck under the yoke when by good luck I had got released from it."

It was pleasant to hear him say so, at least; and she tried not to feel disappointed when he said afterwards, as if he had been considering the matter, that it might be necessary for him to go down to the château from time to time, just to show that he was not on bad terms with his father, and to look over the estate with the steward. And then, in order to drive what he knew to be a disagreeable topic out of her mind, he insisted on taking her to hear a new opera. She would rather have stayed at home, but complied with his wish, knowing that he would not have understood hers. So time went on, and, except for this one fear, she could count herself completely happy. Raymond

did not choose to go to court, and was particular to an extreme whom he introduced to his wife; so that there was little chance of her being overwhelmed with society, and what they had of it was literary rather than fashionable, as was but natural with Raymond's literary tastes and republican tendencies.

To return to Madame. She said her say unchecked among her Toulousean friends; and set down the young people's departure entirely to the malice and ill-will of Estelle, who, she declared, had tried to set her own husband against her. People might believe as much of this as they chose. Estelle did not look like an intriguing woman, certainly. But the absent are always wrong; and she had never deigned to exhibit her side of the question, contenting herself, when questioned, by saying simply, "It is my husband's wish." Whereas everybody who knew Madame de Montaigu had heard her say at some time or other that Raymond was completely at his wife's beck and call, and that she had no longer any influence whatever. But in the same breath in which she proclaimed her desolation, she let all the world know that she had found comfort in Monsieur Adrien and Mademoiselle Hortense, who would be son and daughter to her. They were married at her desire in the chapel, which was cleaned up and hastily decorated for the purpose; and Sa Grandeur, to show that he did not bear malice, pronounced the nuptial benediction himself. This event, and yet more, the consecration of the Jesuit church by the Archbishop—which by the way gave the poor old man a fit of illness from sheer vexation—caused Raymond and his wife to be completely forgotten by all except the Abbé d'Eyrieu and the poor to whom he dispensed their charities. During the last quarrel at the château, D'Eyrieu had been absent, passing the prescribed period of yearly retirement at a religious house at some distance from Toulouse. Owing to this, his mediation had not been used to quell the strife; but he had been spared the discomfort

of differing either tacitly or openly from the Comtesse and Monseigneur. He got into the habit of passing an hour almost daily with M. de Montaignu, whose sight was rapidly failing, and who missed his daughter-in-law more in consequence. He was never tired of telling D'Eyrieu of her sweetness and gentleness, and the care she took to cull him his favourite flowers, and to retail the last new joke, or the news that Raymond had picked up in Toulouse. She had learnt dominoes and tric-trac and écarté simply to amuse the poor old grandpapa.

"I am a good Catholic," the old gentleman would say. "I desire nothing except to make my salvation; you know my sentiments, M. l'Abbé: but I will say, that if all heretics are like my daughter-in-law, there must be a little corner for them, sooner or later. I tell you St. Peter himself would not hold out if she begged to be let in with that sweet little voice of hers."

And D'Eyrieu would answer evasively (wishing with all his soul that St. Peter might be of the same mind as M. le

Comte), and, looking at his watch, would say, "Shall we proceed? My time will be up." And they would become absorbed in the game again.

For a long time the only communication that Estelle and her husband had with the château was through the Curé, whose quarterly letters containing the reports concerning the Children's Home, and other charities supported by Estelle, also gave an epitome of local news, and long, kind messages from M. de Montaignu. Madame did at length forgive her son sufficiently to write to him on a New Year's day; but she had let one pass over without doing so, and on this occasion thought proper to omit all mention of her daughter-in-law's name. Raymond was so nettled at the slight thus offered to his wife, that Madame's overture of reconciliation rather widened than healed the breach; and instead of going down to the château to see his father, he took his wife a tour in Brittany during the summer months. So another year passed away, and Estelle's fear of her mother-in-law's influence ceased to intrude itself so constantly on her mind.

To be continued.

SUNSET OFF THE AZORES.

Now under heaven all winds abated,
 The sea a settling and foamless floor,
 A sunset city is open-gated,
 Unfastened flashes a golden door;
 Cloud-walls asunder burst and brighten,
 Like melted metal in furnace blaze
 The lava rivers run through and lighten,
 The glory gathers before my gaze.

The great ship rests in her months of sailing,
 Is glad with rest as a living thing,
 Her fallen sails feel the south wind failing,
 And her keel the wave that is quieting.
 While all is given, till all is taken,
 Can I, who look from her deck, be dumb?
 O Spirit that dwells in my spirit, waken!
 I whisper the charm, and I say to you, Come!

Look up! most beautiful trembling daughter,
 Turn now thy timid and eager eyes,
 A perfect circle of sapphire water
 Quivers under the blue-built skies;
 Straight west light paves the level sea,
 Invites thy feet, and leads to where
 The blue is broken up for thee,
 And spoiled with sunset splendours there.

O Spirit of Song! arise, have pity
 On beauty that lives and dies alone,
 For no idle eyes in field or city
 Made bare, but maiden and all thine own;
 Alone along the sea and sky
 It burns, and pants, and palpitates—
 Too gracious art thou to deny
 The tender word for which it waits.

That blooming sunset, so travelling ever,
 At every horizon takes root, and grows,
 And opens, folds, and fades, yet never
 A mouth that kisses the kindling rose.
 But here are lips for all thy leaves:
 Even as this vessel on the sea,
 That slowly sways, and softly heaves,
 I rise, I rest, I float in thee.

Sunset off the Azores.

The western heaven now like an ocean
 Is swept and stormy with weather wild,
 With reefs fire-foaming, in grand commotion
 The burning bergs are tossed and piled.
 The western sea like starriest skies
 With diamond lustre sparkles fast,
 One path of lavished light outvies
 The nebulous way, and flames at last.

The smoothing waters by winds forsaken,
 Yet swell at heart, like a sobbing soul,
 That cannot, deeply and lately shaken,
 Yield all at once to a calm control:
 Though still in rolling downs they pass,
 Their surface, purged and pure of foam,
 Becomes that glory's faithful glass,
 A floor that mirrors all the dome.

O Sea! the kiss of the Sun, thy lover,
 Draws very near, but shall not be seen;
 Cloud-curtains, gold and crimson, cover
 The Sun, the king, and the Sea, the queen:
 They come together in secret rooms,
 And, woven out of a floating thread,
 The curious work of costly looms
 Is hung about their splendid bed.

Eastward, an isle, half sunken, sleeping,
 Crowns the sea with a bluer crest:
 Vine-clad Terceira!—but I am keeping
 A tryst to-night with the wondrous West.
 What there is wanting of purple islands,
 Lo! golden archipelagoes,
 Coasts silver-shining, and inner highlands,
 Long ranges rosy with sunny snows.

All glowing golds, all scarlets burning,
 All palest, tenderest, vanishing hues,
 All clouded colour and tinges turning,
 Enrich, divide the double blues:—
 O'erleaning cliffs, and crags gigantic,
 And in the heart of light one shore
 Such as, alas! no sea Atlantic
 To bless the voyager ever bore.

Behold! it groweth, the hanging garden,
 To a great and a goodly blossoming;
 All flowers hereafter must ask for pardon,
 One sunset blanches their colouring.
 Would I ever gather the sweetest rose?
 Could I dip one lily in yonder light,
 And heighten the cheek of its maiden snows
 With a blush half-way on the leaves as bright?

But strange with passion, and sad with yearning,
With singing shaken, with effort weak,
Song's lowered eyes to her lord are turning,
Her faltering voice, and her altered cheek :
She saith—"I lavish my slender treasure
Of speech, shall silver avail with gold ?
Words as much as a mouth may measure
With beauty as much as a heaven may hold."

Refrain ! thou willing and singing Spirit,
Come back to me, enter my soul and sleep.
Did I deem thy feet or thy wings came near it,
That went for a little way on the deep ?
Is the ocean sunset, the great sea-splendour
Too far for thy feet, and too high for thy wing ?
Then nestle again on the heart of the sender,
Too fondly loosed at a distant thing.

"Ah Love !"—she whispers—"I cannot sever
So far from thy soul as that western sky :
Could I gain it quite, I might come back never
To the warm low place where I love to lie."—
Then, while the pageant with pomp amazing
Passes us by in this lone sea-spot,
Be still with me, hand in thy hand, and gazing,
I shall see it all, though I say it not.

FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

THE CONDITION OF OPERA IN ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

THIS subject is so out of proportion to the limits of a magazine article, that I can only indicate some points well worth full discussion. For example, the value of the subject itself must be passed with by no means the strong assertion it seems to need. Opera in England has always been regarded—never with more justification than now—as an expensive and fashionable amusement, of little artistic worth, because conducted upon principles with which considerations of art have little to do. It would be well to show that this is not a necessity, but that opera, as containing more, and more varied, forms of art than anything else, might be made a centre of popular refinement. “Fidelio,” “Don Giovanni,” and “Medea”—to instance a few works out of many—lift opera far above the use to which it has come with us—a use best and most appropriately served by things like Cagnoni’s “Don Bucefalo.” Again, it would be well to follow up an inquiry into the *raison d’être* of opera exclusively and strictly Italian in form, seeing that a large proportion of the finest works are not Italian at all. There is much to be said for using the accepted musical language, but there can be no defence of an arbitrary rule which requires the spoken dialogue of “Fidelio,” for example, to be given in recitative, making of the opera a musical patchwork, with here a bit of Beethoven, and there a bit of Balfe. Conformity to this rule has never been popular out of England, and even here many doubt whether spoken dialogue on the Italian stage must of necessity be followed by catastrophe. Where the composer has written recitative, use it; where he has not, why, out of superstitious regard for precedent, change the conditions upon which he based his effects? Other

topics equally pertinent, suggesting other opinions equally heterodox, belong to a full consideration of the state of opera in England, but I pass to a more general, and also more elementary, discussion. With the foundation at fault, one may be pardoned for not dwelling upon defects in the superstructure.

Englishmen are apt to receive with meekness anything the past hands down, and as a consequence tolerate opera on the footing their great-grandfathers placed it. There is really no difference between that sickly exotic—I will not say institution—now, and in the time of Handel. Music, a century back the delight of a few, has become a pleasure of the many; yet the many, recognised with profit in every other branch of the art, are ignored by professional opera managers, just as they once were by boards of “noble directors.” Against the system which gave Italian opera a footing in England I have nothing to say, because it was adapted to the time then present. The pet of fashion, and the hobby of “persons in distinction,” Italian opera had to be supported by fashion and “persons of distinction” as best it could. When, therefore, royalty and nobility started the “Academy of Musick” in 1720, and with it the subscription system which exists to this day, they were wise in their generation. The amusement was expensive,—not so much because of large salaries to be paid, as on account of its votaries forming only a small and exclusive set; help from the general public was neither available nor desired, while even a large section of the educated classes kept aloof. Italian opera thus became a sort of co-operative business with which outsiders had nothing to do, and about which they were not consulted. This was the only possible scheme at the

time, but there is reason for complaint that it has been adhered to ever since in defiance of the teaching of experience and the dictates of common sense. We may take as an axiom, that anything persistently unfortunate is so in spite rather than because of Fortune, who never entirely deserts what she is permitted to favour. Apply this to Italian opera, the progress of which is marked by the wrecked hopes of its managers, and the inference is plain. I believe the direction of Italian opera in England has been for years past, and is now more emphatically than ever, an anachronism, without even the revivalist attraction of the Brighton coach.

In what does the anachronism consist? Clearly in the assumption that a taste for opera is the exclusive possession of a class. There is no need to prove the utter absurdity of this, or to urge that the great public which loves good music of all other kinds would enjoy the masterpieces of the lyric stage if it had the chance? These things are as obvious as the fact that they are disregarded. Out of that fact, however, flow certain results well worth consideration.

First, and most harmful, is the subscription system. On the face of it this looks innocent enough. A number of persons, either directly, or indirectly through the middlemen, take places for a specific number of nights,—what injury can be done thus? Much, the plan not being so innocent as it looks. For example, it propagates the hand-to-mouth managers, of whose struggles and final ruin operatic history is full. Mere “venturers” are these, often with no qualifications but boldness, and a shifty faculty which, having begun with anticipated resources, can somehow contrive to go on anticipating. Always in imminent danger of sinking, the first, second, and third aims of such men are to keep themselves afloat, and hence they catch at every passing straw of fashionable whim or prejudice without caring what it may chance to be. Managers of this kind are the bondmen of their subscribing patrons. From them they have drawn the breath of life, and in

their favour they are as much interested as a parasite in the vitality of the animal upon which it feeds. Once compel the hand-to-mouth manager to make an appeal to the general public—like his brother of the drama—and he would quickly vanish into limbo.

Again, the subscription system creates a preference public having a first claim to be satisfied. To catch the favour of that public, by anticipating and gratifying their tastes, is the operatic manager's chief thought. For them he makes his engagements, for them trims his prospectus, and for their propitiation he labours all through the season. This may, or may not, be an evil. With a body of art-loving subscribers it would prove a good; under different conditions there would, of course, be a different result. Even if we have formed no opinions, we must have noticed facts. For example, it cannot escape notice how the fashion of opera disregards the claims of art. It is *en règle* to arrive late. The man or woman who sees the Commendatore killed by Don Giovanni, or hears the overture to “Fidelio,” may walk down Regent Street gloveless. Again, it is “correct” not to be too much engrossed by what takes place on the stage, when a popular *prima donna* is off it. At such times one does well to chat with neighbours or take stock of the house, though the finest music pass unregarded. So far the audience; let us look at what the manager finds it expedient to do.

In the first place he seeks novelty, not so much of art as of artists, and not so much of male artists as of female. The strength of his prospectus lies first in his *prime donne*; next—a long way behind—in the balance of his *troupe*; and, last and least, in the works he means to produce. The chief of these divisions can be subdivided—for there are *prime donne* and *prime donne*—into first ladies heavy and light; first ladies imposing and piquant; first ladies young and—out of their teens. Of these the light, piquant, and young, even though they sing as badly as Mlle. Piccolomini, are much

more valuable than their sisters, who may be artists as great as Mdle. Tietjens. A supply of the former is indispensable to success. The latter will do well enough to stop gaps or to carry on business till those arrive for whose coming a sensation-loving audience impatiently waits. Then, perhaps, the glorious music of Beethoven or Cherubini has to make way for flimsy Italian tunes, and the masterpieces of dramatic composition for others which are to them "as I to Hercules." In fact, opera with us is mainly a display of the personal charms and graces of women, with which, to quote the words of a distinguished critic, "the deep poetry" and dramatic expression of 'Fidelio,' "the classic sublimity of 'Medea,' and "the gorgeous beauty of 'Guillaume Tell,' weigh as nothing in comparison."

Were an illustration needed, one is supplied at Covent Garden. The present season may be summed up in the words "Nilsson and Patti." To these graceful and gifted ladies everybody and everything are subservient, from Mongini and Santley down to the gentleman who nominally decides what works shall be played. He has really little choice. Mdle. Nilsson is famous as Marguerite, Violetta, Marta, and Lucia; while Mdme. Patti is equally famous as Amina, Norina, Zerlina, and Rosina. All that has to be done, therefore, is to put the ladies forward, turn and turn about, in one or other of these characters, so that the *habitués* see their favourites, get as much variety as they care for, and everybody worth propitiating is satisfied. Under any circumstances a Nilsson or a Patti would be the reigning "star," but here we have a vast establishment existing for and by them. The Covent Garden managers tried an experiment lately, and brought out an opera for the display of Signor Bottero's peculiar humour. Although the Signor came with a great reputation, in a character acknowledged his masterpiece, nobody cared, and the novelty of a *primo uomo* was exhausted by one representation. Moreover, at the same performance the unapproachable Mdle. Tietjens was de-

graded to take part in a *lever de rideau*. Could there be a more bitter satire upon operatic taste?

The reader will see at once how this worship of one or two artists puts art in the background. In inverse proportion to the "fascinating" resources of a manager are the chances of his doing anything for music. If he can play off those resources upon boxes and stalls, through the medium of no matter what operas, he knows that all will go well. When less rich in the personal attractions of their singers our managers did not entirely neglect unfamiliar works. A good many rarely-heard operas were promised us, and some actually given. At the old house within the last few seasons, the public have been presented with "Medea," "Iphigenia," and "Il Seraglio;" while the new house has brought forward the "Africaine," "Don Carlos," and "Romeo et Juliette." This may not be much, but it is marvellous when compared with the barrenness upon which opera has now entered. The prospectus of the present season was in effect a list of *prime donne*; a list so strong that the management did not even think it worth while to promise anything, though knowing full well that the promises of a prospectus bind to nothing. True, the season has witnessed the production of "Don Bucefalo" and "Hamlet;" but the former was given for the sake of Signor Bottero, and the latter as part of the price of Mdle. Nilsson's services. Meanwhile the house-bills have announced repetitions upon repetitions of "Lucia," "La Traviata," "La Sonnambula," "Don Giovanni" (thanks to the accident of Mdme. Patti's Zerlina), "Faust," and "Il Barbiere," with a result showing that the directors well know their preference-public. Here, then, in this subordination of art to artists, we have one consequence of the system which makes opera a mere creature of fashion.—Let us now take up the next link in the chain.

A sensation-loving, *blasé* audience cannot be catered for without vast expense. It would effectually punish any effort to

carry on the season by means of a good working company, selected with a view to the exigencies of art alone. To the steady, moderate light of fixed stars, it prefers the fitful brilliancy of a sequence of meteors. Hence the huge companies, maintained at a cost perfectly astounding, and, sooner or later, inevitably ruinous. The number of singers attached to Covent Garden is far beyond artistic requirements, though, no doubt, useful enough as satisfying requirements of another class. Prestige is conferred by the long array, and that variety of personal interest is secured which constitutes the one operative thing needful. Yet the results are bad. One is, that excellent artists, who might be doing good service elsewhere, fret in comparative idleness, to their own injury not less than that of the public; and another, still more to be considered, crops up in the heavy charges which great expenses involve. Of these, however, the present operative audience is not likely to complain. Heavy charges preserve opera for the exclusive enjoyment of people who have, or make believe to have, money; and the tenancy of a box or stall thus possesses a peculiar and dearly-prized significance. It is one of the stamps which "society" accepts as conferring a claim upon consideration. A subscriber to the opera is a somebody, because, presumably—else he would not subscribe—owning that without which he must be a nobody. High prices, therefore, belong to the supremacy of opera as a fashionable institution. Abate them, and the whole thing sinks down to the plebeian level of an ordinary theatre. This would be a painful result to many excellent persons, nevertheless abatement is desirable for the benefit of the greater number, who now find themselves driven, through discomfort and conflict, to find a place in attic regions. An observer of the amphitheatre and gallery is not long in discovering what a moderate-price audience would be. He sees the frequenters of those lofty places muster in strongest force to welcome the best operas, marks their keen attention, their quick appreciation,

and their judicious—nay, judicial, award of approval or censure. They are the true judges; and well-wishers of the lyric stage, including not a few who tread its boards, would be glad to have their number increased. This, however, cannot be. Your gallery or amphitheatre *habitué* is a person of moderate means. He cannot afford a guinea for a stall (a box is as much out of the question as a seat in the House of Lords), and would think twice before locating himself in that very doubtful quarter, the pit, at a cost of seven shillings. Under the present *régime*, therefore, he must keep aloft, and take the slight chance of finding accommodation even there.

That this plague of high prices is not absolutely inevitable, there is proof enough. Look, for instance, at the United States, where efficient performances are given at charges absurdly small when compared with those in England, but possible because Transatlantic opera has the general public for its constituents, and the costly arrangements so necessary here are there superfluous.

Another objectionable result of our system is the dress regulation. This form of exclusiveness runs into absurdity, and makes the opera-house ridiculous by sumptuary laws only tolerated in "society" or at court. The folly of it has been well exposed by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in his "History of the Opera." Supposing a gentleman, dressed in exact accordance with the notions of the operative check-takers, except as to his cravat, which has some spot of colour on it, Mr. Edwards observes, "while such an one would be regarded 'as unworthy to enter the pit of the opera, a waiter from an oyster-shop, in 'his inevitable black and white, reeking 'with the drippings of shellfish and the 'fumes of bad tobacco, or a drunken undertaker, fresh from a funeral, coming 'with the required number of shillings 'in his dirty hands, could not be refused admission." The apparition of a frockcoat in boxes or stalls would, under present circumstances, be as alarming as the handwriting on the

wall to Belshazzar; as obnoxious as the dead bodies to the courtier who demanded Hotspur's prisoners. What matter that on account thereof all the world laughs? The tail of the dress coat forms one of those lines of demarcation by which opera is cut off from meaner entertainments, and, though in itself ugly, is, in its connexion, a glory. English managers are likely to hold on by the tail though the world laugh still more.

Another result of our system is the short time during which opera seems possible in London. Assuming that only "society" can appreciate or support it, this result follows logically enough. When "society" is out of town, the lyric theatres must be shut; and "society" being out of town for more than half the year, London during that time knows nothing of opera. True, Mr. Mapleson, before he amalgamated with aristocratic Covent Garden, made some desultory experiments upon the 3,000,000 Londoners who are not "society," and found that, with moderate charges and no sumptuary laws, they promptly answered his call. His after-seasons were, however, rather suggestive of dishing-up broken victuals, and counted but little anyway. Yet who can doubt that the 3,000,000 are perfectly able and willing to give any manager who shall meet them on fair terms a remunerative support? To suppose the contrary is to ignore the results of observation, and to assume that Englishmen are indifferent to an art upon which, in all its forms, they spend more money than any nation under the sun.

After the foregoing, I leave the reader to decide whether my starting thesis—that the present condition of opera in England amounts to an anachronism—has been proved. Not without confidence I hope he will see in the system which did well enough a century ago the foundation of much that is discreditable to our art-progress, and unworthy of the high place music holds among us.

The objector will probably declare that no other system is possible, without a resort to the Continental plan of a State subvention. Unhappily for

him, there is an America, which explodes his argument by the simple logic of facts. The New York managers have no subvention, and yet they contrive to give satisfactory entertainments at prices ranging from one to two dollars. Their entertainment may not suggest Covent Garden extravagance, and the performances fall below the Covent Garden standard; but New York is no place to tolerate meanness and inefficiency.

Before touching upon remedial measures, let me guard against the idea that I dream of the abolition of the system above described. Even if not visited with intermittent flashes of success, men would be found willing to risk their all in satisfying the demand of fashionable London for a fashionable opera. Therefore I urge no reform upon Covent Garden. But I do protest against the disgraceful fact that that establishment monopolizes London opera. There should be in this great city a musical as well as a fashionable lyric temple, with Art for its object, and not *prime donne*; and with lovers of music for its constituents, rather than lovers of sensation. That such a thing is feasible is asserted by no less competent an authority than the musical critic of the *Times*. Here are his words:—

"Nevertheless all this [certain characteristics of Covent Garden] merely tends to establish the more firmly a conviction we have long entertained—that two operas might exist and flourish, provided one of them would devote itself wholly to the production of those masterpieces which of necessity outlive singers, and the other to works best calculated for exhibiting the talents of the accepted *prime donne* of the hour. If an opera-house were vigorously conducted, on the same principles as the Monday Popular Concerts, there could, in our opinion, be small risk of its ultimate success. There is a public in this great metropolis for 'Medea' and such like compositions, just as there is a public for the more costly enterprises in which the cherished vocalists take part; and though we might regret never to hear such

"consummate artists as Madame Patti and Mdle. Nilsson, in music worthier their abilities than that which they chiefly delight to sing, we should have no objection, from time to time, to enjoy such music as they ignore, or are made to ignore, even without their invaluable co-operation."

Echoing these remarks, I say, popularise the opera, as Mr. Chappell has popularised classical chamber music, and as the Philharmonic Society is trying to popularise itself. Time was when the quartets and symphonies of Beethoven—things above the people—were heard only at assemblies of the select. Now, thanks to intelligent enterprise, the people can and do listen to them gladly. True, this result was not attained without a struggle, and much perseverance; but it *was* attained, and the end has abundantly crowned the work. No equal difficulty would stand in the way of a popularised opera, there being no such need to educate an audience. Nevertheless the change would have to be made on broad and well-defined principles, with an earnest purpose, and a determination to succeed. Of these principles it may be worth while to indicate the chief, in briefest terms.

In the first place there should be no preference-public to necessitate constant change of performers and things performed. Let the manager be free from obligation to conciliate any one class, and let him have the fullest liberty to act upon the general likings and dislikings. In brief, put him on the same footing as his dramatic brother; and, if he be permitted to run a good thing for a month, he may make compensation by not running a bad one for a night.

In the next place let the art be put at least on equal terms with the artist. No audience will be unjust to the claims of the latter, but a musical audience is likely to insist upon some attention to the former, preferring that works should be selected for intrinsic merit rather than accident agreement with a performer's powers. Under such circumstances a Bottero would have to serve the highest of art purposes, instead of

that which is no higher than himself. The arrangement would render impossible, not only "Don Bucefalo," but also the wearisome repetitions of shallow works chosen because they enable the heroine to "bring down" the house by *tours de force*.

Again, popular opera should avoid superfluous expenditure. For relays of artists beyond what might be necessary to keep up a good working company no demand would arise, while the costly magnificence which has for years absorbed so large a portion of Mr. Gye's receipts might easily be dispensed with. All these things belong to a lavish and artificial *régime*, and have no necessary connexion with opera at all. Big companies, an elaborate *mise-en-scène*, and armies of supernumeraries, are to opera what Charles Kean's "upholstery" was to Shakespeare,—good enough as a spectacle, but quite superfluous. Reduced expenditure would secure moderate prices, and thus place the opera within reach of a large class now practically debarred from it. Dress must be left to individual good taste, and with sartorial regulations would disappear the last remnant of exclusiveness.

Here, then, is what the musical public of London want—a temple of art as distinct from a temple of fashion, in which neither more nor less is done than art requires, and to which every art-lover is welcome without regard to the cut of his coat. That London will eventually boast more than one such place I have no doubt,—when, is a matter not so easily decided. The operatic reformer may well pause before entering upon his work, and having entered upon it, may look for discouragement, ridicule, and misrepresentation. But this has been the fate of all reformers, especially of those who at last have gained their ends. As an offset our coming man must know that a large public will welcome him, and that if he stand by them they will stand by him; till popularised opera, like Mr. Chappell's popularised chamber music, becomes an institution.

A QUESTIONABLE PARENTAGE FOR MORALS.

BY RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

IN Mr. Bain's elaborate "Handbook of Mental and Moral Science," he prints (at p. 721) a very remarkable letter from Mr. Herbert Spencer—one of the strongest and most severely logical thinkers living—on the latter's mode of conceiving the doctrine of the utilitarians as to the principle of human morality. It is an attempt, in language now rendered almost classical by Professor Huxley, to "connect thought with the other phenomena of the universe," by a new and almost hitherto untried route. Professor Huxley, in the paper to which I allude, has declared his preference for the "materialistic" as distinguished from the "spiritualistic" terminology as regards the relation between mind and matter, not because the former is truer, but because it is more fruitful of scientific progress, as leading us to apply the analogies gained in our richest to our most sterile fields of discovery. And if the method suggested by Mr. Spencer were really sound, doubtless it would constitute a new era in the history of ethical speculation. But this is precisely what I wish to question, and to suggest strong reasons for disbelieving.

Mr. Spencer is a utilitarian—i.e. he recognises that the real test of right and wrong is a balance of happiness or unhappiness ultimately resulting from any action. Nevertheless, Mr. Spencer, as I understand him, does not at all dispute the fact that many moral principles and laws which we now recognise, present themselves to us with a marvellous authority and force, which is not to be in any way accounted for by any experience of the *individual* agent that they tend to an ultimate balance of happiness in their consequences—i.e. that they result in producing more happiness or less unhappiness than any alternative action. But he holds that they have

acquired this intuitive character through the slowly accumulated utilitarian experiences of our *ancestors*, who have transmitted to us nervous systems more or less modified by their experiences, and now susceptible in a higher degree than theirs of taking the right tone after a quite inadequate individual experience, just as it is said by great violinists that the wood of a good violin gains a new capacity for the finer vibrations under a master's hands. But hear Mr. Spencer himself:—

"To make my position fully understood, it seems needful to add that, corresponding to the fundamental positions of a developed moral science, there have been, and still are, developing in the race certain fundamental moral intuitions; and that though these moral intuitions are the result of accumulated experiences of utility, gradually organized and inherited, they have come to be quite independent of conscious experience. Just in the same way that I believe the intuition of space possessed by any living individual to have arisen from organized and consolidated experiences of all antecedent individuals, who bequeathed to him their slowly developed nervous organizations;—just as I believe that this intuition, requiring only to be made definite and complete by personal experiences, has practically become a form of thought quite independent of experience;—so do I believe that the experiences of utility, organized and consolidated through all past generations of the human race, have been producing corresponding nervous modifications which, by continued transmissions and accumulation, have become in us certain faculties of moral intuition—active emotions responding to right and wrong conduct which

"have no apparent basis in the indivi-
 "dual experiences of utility. I also
 "hold that, just as the space intuition
 "responds to the exact demonstrations
 "of geometry, and has its rough conclu-
 "sions interpreted and verified by them,
 "so will moral intuitions respond to the
 "demonstrations of moral science, and
 "will have their rough conclusions inter-
 "preted and verified by them."

The scientific essence of this pregnant hint of Mr. Spencer's I take to be this,—not merely that we inherit capacities which may be in some respects better adapted in each successive generation to the universe in which we live, for so much I suppose that every one would admit who regards the passions and the perceptive faculties of rude or civilized communities respectively as in any degree hereditary; but that the process of adaptation is one which is always tending to transform complex into apparently simple ideas, to conceal the secret of their origin, and lay a completely new base, as it were, for our intellectual operations on what was at one time the shifting sands of hesitating inference and novel observation. Just as certain rocks turn out when examined under the microscope to be nothing but a conglomeration of dead organisms, so, as I understand Mr. Spencer, what seem to us now the "necessary" intuitions and *a priori* assumptions of human nature, are likely to prove, when scientifically analysed, nothing but a similar conglomeration of our ancestors' best observations and most useful empirical rules, which for them had no more authority or mystery than our own latest generalizations now have for us. But just as their truest and most useful generalizations have so moulded the very nervous systems transmitted to us, that we awaken to them with a sort of start of recognition, and acknowledge that as "natural" to us which was the triumphant *art* of our distant ancestors, so in the future, I suppose, Mr. Spencer expects that our posterity will regard as *a priori* principles and intuitive truths, what are to us new and surprising discoveries, but yet discoveries so im-

portant and useful that they will scoop out deep channels, and tread out beaten tracks for themselves in our own methods of thought, i.e. in our own brains, and be transmitted with cumulative vivacity at each remove to each succeeding generation. To translate this hint into a concrete case, I understand Mr. Spencer to mean that at some indefinitely distant era our ancestors discovered for themselves, for example, that it took a longer arm to reach to any object with the elbow bent than it did with the arm perfectly straight; that it took more fatigue to walk from one spot to another by a crooked than by a straight route, and so forth; and from these various experiences that they generalized the truth that a straight line is the shortest way between two points,—which truth was so constantly staring them in the face as soon as they had discovered it that they transmitted to us a special susceptibility to impressions of this order,—whence our disposition to regard this class of truths as one not due to experience, but anterior to experience, and only brought out into consciousness on the first experience. In the same way, I suppose, Mr. Spencer would infer that in some distant era men came to see that it was useful, i.e. productive of happiness both to themselves and others, to say what was true, and to perform what they had promised; till at last the habit of approving truth-speaking and fidelity to engagements, which was first based on this ground of utility, became so rooted, that the utilitarian ground of it was forgotten, and we find ourselves springing to the belief in truth-speaking and fidelity to engagements, from an inherited tendency out of which the old reason has, as it were, dropped, so that we think of it as independent of all consequences.

Now it would be far beyond the scope of such a paper as this to criticise fully this suggestion of Mr. Spencer's, that what metaphysicians call an intuition, or an *a priori* idea, is probably nothing but a special susceptibility in our nerves produced by a vast number of homo-

geneous ancestral experiences gradually agglutinated into a single intellectual tendency, and I can only pretend to test its authenticity with any care in reference to the particular application of it here in point—that of a long-ago obsolete utilitarian *origin* for what seem to us now to be intuitive moral perceptions not admitting of further analysis. But I hope to make out—1, That even as regards Mr. Spencer's illustration from geometrical intuitions his process would be totally inadequate, since you could not deduce the necessary space-intuition of which he speaks from any possible accumulations of familiarity with space-relations; 2, That the case of moral intuitions is very much stronger than that of geometrical intuitions, since the former imply not merely a latent habit or tact which attentive thought may *generalize*, but a moral judgment asserting a claim upon us which goes far beyond our customary practice, far beyond any habit or ingrained association such as we assume in the case of geometrical intuitions; 3, That if Mr. Spencer's theory accounts for anything it accounts not for the deepening of a sense of utility and inutility into right and wrong, but for the drying up of the sense of utility and inutility into mere inherent tendencies—dumb, inarticulate dispositions—to act thus and thus, which would exercise over us not *more* authority but *less* than a rational sense of utilitarian issues; 4, That Mr. Spencer's theory could not account for the intuitional sacredness now attached to *individual* moral rules and principles, without accounting *à fortiori*, and still more triumphantly, for the general claim of the "greatest happiness" principle over us as the most final of all moral intuitions—which is conspicuously contrary to the fact, as not even the utilitarians themselves plead any instinctive or intuitive sanction for their great principle; and 5, That there is no trace of positive evidence for any single instance of the transformation of a utilitarian rule of right into an intuition, since we can find no utilitarian principle of the most ancient times which is now

an accepted moral intuition, nor any moral intuition, however sacred, which has not been promulgated thousands of years ago, and which has not constantly had to stem the tide of utilitarian *objections* to its authority,—and this age after age, in our own day quite as much as in days gone by.

1. First then, even as regards the supposed origin of the intuition of space, which responds to the demonstrative truths of geometry, I cannot help urging the time-honoured criticism, that though I can very well conceive that a practical dexterity in dealing with space and its measurements might be inherited, just as a fine eye for harmonies of colour or a fine ear for musical sound may probably be inherited, I do not see how we can inherit *more* than a readiness and a facility to acquire more easily the experience which our ancestors had already gained less easily. Surely the tricks of hand and gesture, and sometimes of thought, and the moral and mental dispositions which we inherit, are all, like similarities of feature and figure, reducible to this—tendencies to become spontaneously and unconsciously (in the case of mere mannerisms), or with *much less* than the original amount of external cause, in the case of rational actions, what our ancestors became either voluntarily and consciously with much labour, or if involuntarily, under much more of external determining cause and pressure. I can quite understand, then, how our ancestors' experiences of space might very much shorten the necessary apprenticeship for us in attaining the same experience of space—but I cannot understand how we could inherit from them any mental habit which they had not themselves acquired—and I do not see how they could acquire that which seems to me to be peculiar to the intuition of space, the character of absolute *necessity*, as distinguished from mere empirical certainty, belonging to our judgments on it. It is a matter of universal experience, and now even of scientific law, that exercise exhausts bodily strength,—that, after exercise, we need rest to recruit it; I can imagine

no experience more absolutely universal or supported by the experience of all races and all individuals than this; but does any one pretend to be *unable to conceive* that there *might* be a world in which bodily strength should be liable to no such exhaustion from exercise, in which human bodies might travel, like the planets, at an invariable velocity per second, without needing rest to restore them? Can any one say that it is as impossible to him to conceive such a world, as it is to conceive a world in which the straight path between two points is longer than a crooked way between the same points? I cannot see, then, that even if we allow the utmost for the habits of dealing with space formed by our ancestors, we can possibly account for the characteristic feature of an intuition or an *à priori* idea—its imperative, its necessary and absolutely final character—by inheritance, unless we suppose that we inherit the *à priori* idea itself—in which case no step has been made towards accounting for its origin. Inherited powers are only greater facilities for being ourselves what our fathers became either at greater cost to themselves, or through greater external pressure;—we cannot *inherit* more than our fathers *had*: no amount of experience of fact, however universal, however completely without exception, can give rise to that particular characteristic of intuitions and *à priori* ideas which compels us to deny the possibility that in any other world, however otherwise different, our experience could be otherwise.

But, 2, If Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the rise of a space-intuition will only account for an inherited sensuous organization and dexterity, particularly appropriate for dealing with space,—just as the Red Indian inherits an appropriate sensuous organization and dexterity for pursuing a trail, or the breed of pointers for discovering and telling the situation of game,—his hint as to the possible development of *moral* intuitions seems to me open to still more final criticism. For what Mr. Spencer has to account for here is not merely the inheritance

of a practical habit or custom, but the inheritance of a practical habit and custom of this particular kind, that though the agent *admits* the possibility and actual frequency of actions which infringe it, he is compelled to assert that such frequent actions are "wrong," and this though the very and the only quality which according to the theory makes them wrong—their tendency destructive of happiness—has, according to the same theory, completely or in a very great degree dropped out of view. I can quite understand that a mere habit is very often strongest when its original motive has utterly disappeared. The habit of hoarding money, or of dressing gaily, or of walking fast, or of talking to yourself, and every other habit, constantly survives the cause or reason which gave birth to it, and I know, of course, that many habits are hereditary where there is no hereditary *justification* for them. I do not, therefore, in the least object to the hypothesis that we probably inherit many modes of thought and action of which we do not inherit the explanation, just as a child may perhaps inherit a sailor's rolling gait without inheriting the nautical habits which produced it. But when I am told not only that we may inherit a practical distaste for certain actions, and a disposition towards certain others, without reason assigned, but inherit the tendency to object to them as "wrong," without remembering what is meant by "wrong,"—namely, destructive of happiness—I am puzzled.

3. The theory that a "moral" intuition is nothing but the final equivalent of a number of experiences of utility accumulated through many generations, with the predicate of their "utility" forgotten or obscured, seems to me to be a thing which reduces a "moral" intuition to a dry habit or tendency, which it is *uncomfortable* to resist; which if we do resist, we feel "put out," as we do by a disturbance of the regular order of our meals, or the routine of our daily occupations, but which has either no reason or sacredness at all, or if it has any, just that which led us to approve

it at first, and no other. If, then, we inherit a dislike to certain actions, and a liking for certain others, apart from any inheritance of our ancestors' *reasons* for disliking and liking them, and apart also from any experience of our own as to their consequences, that dislike and liking seem to me not to resemble a sense of absolute right and wrong *more*, but *less*, than the original utilitarian experience which, according to Mr. Spencer, probably gave rise originally to that dislike and liking. Indeed, it seems to me that either a man or a generation which goes on doing anything merely from the unexpended momentum of an acquired habit, does it from what is far *less* like a real sense of right than those who are said to have done it first because they saw that it produced a great balance of happiness. I should have said that, just as certain geological strata are now known to be the accretions of innumerable once living and now dead individual organisms, so Mr. Spencer's theory of moral intuitions makes them out to be the accretions of once living and now dead individual moral perceptions—*i.e.* that if his theory were true he would account, *not* for the increasing halo of moral reverence with which our duties are encircled, but for the gradual extinction of that moral reverence, and its supplanting by a mere inertia which keeps us on in the same track. I think the geometrical analogy as to the space-intuition which Mr. Spencer suggests would bear out this criticism. Following that analogy, Mr. Spencer should surely say that we inherit from our ancestors a highly-trained and disciplined habit of perceiving utilities, an ever-increasing sensibility to utilities; and that this increased and increasing capacity for perceiving utilities of which our ancestors only painfully convinced themselves, alone gives us anything we can call a moral faculty transcending our individual experience. But, then, if Mr. Spencer did say this, he would be unable to account for the fact that so many of our perceptions of right and wrong are so very unlike as they are to our perceptions of utility. Still, it

seems to me that it is even *worse* for one who makes utility the true final criterion of right and wrong to account for the absolute, imperious, and mystic character of our moral perceptions, by the dropping out of the notion of utility, than by the more vivid and intense appreciation of it. Mr. Spencer's theory, if true at all, accounts, as it seems to me, for the suppression of the notion of utility in our moral ideas, only by the suppression of all vividness and virtue in those moral ideas, and their degradation into mere routine. Whatever is our real test of right, the more we realize that test, the more moral life we have; and if the test be "utility," the more we fail to apply it, the more we fail of a high moral standard. Mr. Spencer's theory appears to me to find the feeling of moral obligation at its maximum when the perception of the quality which ultimately produces that feeling is at its minimum. This is not the usual law of an inherited capacity. Mr. Bagehot pointed out, in a very striking paper some time ago in the *Fortnightly Review*, how gradual has been the growth of political *tameability*—*i.e.* the disposition to submit to government—in the race. But no one would deny for a moment that, together with that disposition, there has grown *pari passu* a power of perceiving its infinite utilities, perhaps even a tendency to exaggerate them. The growth of a habit, separated from the corresponding perception of its natural authority, would account for the *drying up* of the sense of obligation, but not for its vast, and, to use Mr. Mill's word, its *mystical* extension. Surely, just in proportion as we discharge the idea which *warrants* a specific mode of action from our minds, that mode of action, though it may become more perfect in its mechanical operation, like the manipulation of a musical instrument after it has become a second nature, must also become less and less authoritative to anything which we may please to call our conscience.

But (4) is it not a very strong objection to Mr. Spencer's theory, that even the root-principle of all these gradually

acquired intuitions, the respect for the dissemination of happiness, has not itself been consolidated in this manner into a moral intuition? Can we conceive that the root should have less hold on our minds than the branches? If association with happy consequences of various different sorts has so much power over the imagination as to sow gradually in our minds a respect for the specific modes of action which produce these consequences, even apart from specific reference to these consequences, and, it may be, in forgetfulness of them,—is it conceivable that the very generating associations themselves should not, first of all, have been consolidated into a respect for wise happiness-producing, of a kind far more potent, and partaking far more of the nature of a final and undervived intuition, than any of the secondary and more specific *modes* of production which ramify out of it. It is scarcely possible, surely, that the consecrating principle should at this age of the world be of less power and repute in our minds than the agencies to which it had imparted its consecrating influence. If we have come, by the consolidated experience of our ancestors, to hold honesty, and pity, and purity, good, without relation to the happy consequences, by their association with which, and by that association alone, our forefathers were, as is supposed by the hypothesis, compelled to prize these qualities, surely we must have come by a very much wider and more universal experience to regard all fruitfulness of happy consequences, all fruitfulness of happiness, as the great criterion of good. There could not now surely be even a controversy about the principle of utilitarianism, if that principle had been so potent as to consecrate even the particular modes of action most closely associated with it, and this though the consciousness of that association had faded away. It seems to me impossible that the associations with *particular* runlets of happiness could have been gradually consolidated, as it were, into intuitions of particular duties, unless associations with all possible springs of happiness

had been simultaneously melted down into a universal intuition of duty. I can conceive Mr. Spencer replying that the *particular* mode is of the essence of the matter, because the various particular modes agree only in the *successfulness* of their methods, while even the vices aim as much at happiness as virtues, though they aim badly. The *intention*, therefore, to produce happiness may be associated with vices and virtues alike; but a steady *result* of happiness is associated only with the *special* modes which succeed, and these have nothing particular in common, except their success—there being no special likeness, for instance, between integrity and humanity of disposition, nothing to suggest a common classification, except the experience of a generally successful issue. And this reply would have a good deal in it if the utilitarian theory did not assume in the race a very large power of weighing bad results against good, and associating a particular mode of action only with the *balance*. Honesty, for instance, must certainly have been associated by our ancestors with many unhappy as well as many happy consequences, and we know that in ancient Greece dishonesty was openly and actually associated with happy consequences in the admiration for the guile and craft of Ulysses. Hence the moral associations slowly formed, according to Mr. Spencer, in favour of honesty must have been, in fact, a mere predominance of association with a *balance* on one side. But if, then, *particular* modes of action are consecrated in the mind as moral laws, in spite of a large minority of disturbing associations in the other direction, there must be enough of discrimination and judgment in the historical process which forms and consolidates these supposed moral intuitions of Mr. Spencer's, to have formed, in like manner, the general intuition, that all modes of action which produce the largest *balance* of happiness are right—that is, that right *means* a result in the largest balance of happiness. Were Mr. Spencer right, the utilitarian canon could not, I conceive, be now even under discussion; it would be

far more certain than the particular canons of duty to which he supposes it to lead. If we can strike a balance in each particular case of duty, and organize our experience into a sense of special duty, which may be independent of the process which produced it, we must clearly be competent to associate the process of striking the balance itself with the general sense of duty, which in so many different instances it separately engenders. I cannot but believe, then, that Mr. Spencer's theory of the genesis of duty is disproved by the mere fact that so many who think about the subject are not utilitarians. There has been a more universal experience of a kind that *ought* to have obtained for the general principle of promoting the maximum of happiness a sacred and binding character than there has been of the particular experiences which, according to Mr. Spencer's theory, have obtained that sacred and binding character for particular duties. If his account of the foundation of the subordinate kingdoms of duty is sufficient, I think the same process must, *à fortiori*, have sufficed to confer a sort of imperial crown on the central conception of duty which he maintains.

Finally (5), I urge an argument which it may be said that I ought to have put in the front of the battle: What *positive* evidence exists for that historical transformation of utilitarian associations into ideas of duty which Mr. Spencer suggests? The changes of physical species, so far as they are authentic, and can be traced to the development of special functions or organs and the disappearance of others, are matters of observation: we can always point to species in which the wing or the beak is lengthened, or the tail is becoming rudimentary; but can we bring a single actual observation to testify to this supposed transformation of moral species? Mr. Spencer would scarcely refer to instances like the sanitary laws of the Jews which prohibited the eating of pork, and other well-known and peculiar physical rules to which great sacredness was attached. For not only would it

be impossible to show that, in any of these cases, the utilitarian benefit derived from the observance had led to the rule; but, obviously, had that been so, the rule would, by Mr. Spencer's own canon, have grown in authority from generation to generation, instead of having become speedily obsolete. Doubtless such practices were, in fact, consecrated by religious authority, or what was believed to be such, and were not the results of perceived advantage. The arbitrary customs which, in so many nations, have acquired a character of adventitious sacredness, have certainly rarely, if ever, derived it from utilitarian considerations, but rather from reverence for an authority already consecrated in the national imagination. Which, then, of the duties we now recognise most universally as intuitive can we trace historically back to its primitive utilitarian phase? We may perhaps find an age when craftiness was considered to be justified by the utility of its consequences, as I have already said, in the time of Homer's wily Ulysses; but the notion of "honesty being the best policy" is, as far as I know, long subsequent to the most imperious enunciation of its sacredness as a duty. Three thousand years ago at least, there is no trace of any such sanction for honesty in the literature which gave to honesty the most binding character. "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully," "he that sweareth by his own hurt and changeth not," was not praised at that date as the gainer of all sorts of earthly advantages for society, but as alone able to enter into communion with God. If there is any justification for the notion of the utilitarian origin of the intuitions of duty, it must clearly be only in pre-historic times; for in the earliest historic times we certainly find far more traces of utilitarian excuses for *breaches* of duty, and of the assertion of immutable principles against such excuses, than of the origin now assigned to moral law. Surely if anything is remarkable in the history of morality, it is the *anticipatory*

character, if I may use the expression, of moral principles,—the intensity and absoluteness with which they are laid down ages before the world has approximated to the ideal thus asserted. If we can trust historic evidence at all, we may trust it for as much as this: that the obligations of fidelity, sincerity, purity, self-denial, were imperatively announced as binding duties on the conscience in age after age when the esoteric rule of worldly-wise men had been entirely in the opposite direction, when the concentrated experience of previous generations was held, *not*, indeed, to justify, but to excuse, by utilitarian considerations, craft, dissimulation, sensuality, selfishness. Now this can certainly not be said in any sense of the empirical geometrical notions which Mr. Spencer supposes to have been gradually consolidated into our intuition of space. The wisest men of their time, and the most simple alike, have always recognised that a straight line is the shortest way between two points. All experience undoubtedly *has* led us to this result, though it may be the teaching of more than experience. But how can we sustain the theory that our notions of duty are consolidated out of utilitarian experiences when, as far at least as historic evidence goes, they can be shown to be not only long anterior to any general adoption of them by mankind, but to have been announced with the utmost absoluteness ages ago, when they were the laughing-stock of the world in general, and had to fight their way chiefly against the very considerations—utilitarian considerations—by which they are now supposed to have been alone supported? If we compare the history of moral discovery with that of scientific discovery, we shall see on what a very different foundation the two kinds are based. Scientific discoveries, though they may seem incon-

sistent with much of our experience at first, are cleared from inconsistency at every fresh intellectual step which is made, until at last no one who enters into the reasoning by which they are established, can refuse his assent. Moral discoveries are from the very first opposed to a great number of the natural tendencies of the very men who announce them, and are of use precisely *because* they are thus opposed, because they proclaim a war which, whether open or secret, must be as unending as human history, and therefore they are discoveries which, however often announced, need fresh announcing in every fresh generation of men, gaining hold over our nature on one side only to lose it on another,—and, as I think most people will admit, never weaving themselves into all our thoughts and actions so effectually as to leave any single society of men with a less serious moral conflict on its hands than that of any previous society, however ancient and primitive. I confess I cannot reconcile facts of this kind at all with the hypothesis that our moral intuitions grow gradually out of cumulative utilitarian experiences. Civilization doubtless does so grow; the use of the appliances and inventions of each generation becomes a sort of second nature to its successors; but the old controversy which was pleaded thousands of years ago, “before the mountains and strong foundations of the earth,” is as fresh to-day as it was then; and I cannot believe that this could be so, if during all that time our moral nature had been steadily growing by the consolidation of utilitarian experiences into *intuitions*. Surely by this time, at least, if that were so, some *one* elementary moral law should be as deeply ingrained in human practice as the geometrical law that a straight line is the shortest way between two points. Which of them is it?

THE POPE'S POSTURE IN THE COMMUNION.

[This attempt to sum up a small liturgical question originated as follows:—In an essay in *Good Words* (May 1868, p. 306) on "Some Characteristics of the Papacy" occurred this statement:—"At the reception of the Holy Communion, while others kneel, the Pope sits He still retains the posture of the first Apostles, and in this he is followed by the Presbyterians of Scotland and the Nonconformists of England, who endeavour by this act to return to that spirit which, in the Pope himself, has never been abandoned. It brings before us the ancient days, when the Sacrament was still a supper, when the communicants were still guests, when the altar was still a table."

This statement was denied in the most unqualified terms by a Roman Catholic writer, and his denial was endorsed by the *Dublin Review* of January 1869. This led to a fresh statement and counter-statement in the *Dublin Review* of April. The controversy seemed to involve matters sufficiently curious to deserve a summary of its true issues, apart from any personal questions; and it is accordingly thus treated on the neutral ground of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

A. P. S.]

Among the curious archæological questions which surround the celebration of the Eucharist, not the least remarkable is that which concerns the posture of the communicant. Of the four possible postures, lying, sitting, standing, and kneeling, all have been practised at different times. The original posture is, beyond doubt, the recumbent. It is certain not only from the well-known custom of lying on couches at meals during that age of the Roman Empire, but from the precise and unmistakeable expressions of the Evangelists (*ἀνέκairo*, Matt. xxvi. 20; *ἀνακειμένω*, Mark xiv.

18; *ἀνέκειτο*, Luke xxii. 14). They all describe this recumbent attitude, which, in the case of St. John, is further illustrated by describing in detail the posture in which the beloved disciple lay at length upon the couch next his Master (John xiii. 23—25). There is no record of the moment when this attitude, hallowed by the most sacred associations and the most primitive usage, was lost. It has now so entirely passed away as to have faded even from the imagination. Even in works of art, Poussin and Le Sueur are the only painters of the Last Supper who have attempted to represent it.¹ It is almost obliterated even in the versions of the original record. The Vulgate translation has retained the words "*discubuit*," "*discumbentibus*." But the English versions of the sixteenth century, whether of the Protestant or Roman Catholic Churches, are not equally honest. In Tyndale, Cranmer, the Genevan, and Rheims versions, of John xiii. 23, 25, and xxi. 20, it is "leaning," not "lying;" and in the Authorized Version it is "lying" in John xiii. 25 only. In all these versions, in Mark xiv. 3, 18, &c. it is "sat at meat," or "at the table," or "at the board." Only in Wycliff, both in John xiii. and Luke xiv. it is "rested." Doubtless the alteration began early, when the idea of the "Supper" was lost in that of the "Sacrament." Then the usual attitude of devotion took the place of the common attitude of guests at a meal; and standing, which, in the earlier ages of the Church, as in the East then and now, became the authorized posture. In process of time, the attitude of standing was in Western countries exchanged for the more reverential posture of kneeling, as in other parts of the worship, so also in the

¹ Mrs. Jamieson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," i. 257, 258.

moment of receiving the Communion. But in one large class of persons the standing posture still retained its ground. Throughout the service of the Mass of the Roman Church, whilst the congregation is enjoined to kneel, the officiating priest is enjoined to stand, thus maintaining an intermediate position between the custom when all stood, and the modern custom when all kneel. In the English Church, the standing posture is yet further restrained; for though a relic of the earlier Western practice is preserved in the standing posture of the officiating minister during the larger part of the Communion Service, at the moment of reception he also kneels.

There long remained, however, and there still remains, to a certain degree, one remnant of the original posture of the Last Supper. Recumbency, indeed, has everywhere disappeared. But the nearest approach to it—i.e. the posture of sitting, which in the West has succeeded generally in social intercourse to that of lying down—has in one instance been preserved. The Bishop of Rome, from the singular importance of his office, has naturally preserved many peculiarities which have elsewhere perished, just as the clerical order generally has preserved other usages which the more transitory fashion of the secular world has in other professions obliterated. Not to speak of any rites but those which belong to the celebration of the Eucharist, there are amongst other peculiarities these:—He still celebrates facing the congregation, behind the altar, instead of turning his back on the congregation, and occupying, as all other priests, the space between them and the altar. He still continues—at least, in his chief cathedral (St. John Lateran)—the practice of celebrating, not on a stone structure, but on a wooden plank or table. During his celebration, instrumental¹ music, common on all other like occasions, is prohibited, as in Eastern Churches. He takes the wine not, as other priests, from the cup, but sucks it from a gold

tube with a sponge inside it. This singular practice is said to be a remnant of the ancient practice when the wine as well as the bread was universally administered, and hence this precaution against spilling the wine, which has thus been preserved in the single case of the Pope, for which it is probably less needed than any other.¹ In ancient times² the Cardinal Presbyters used to celebrate mass with the Pope, standing in a circle round him—a relic of the more social character of the original communion. A separate scrutiny takes place of both the elements before he receives them. The sacristan eats and drinks first, looking at the Pope, from the same paten and the same chalice.³

But the peculiarity⁴ which has attracted most attention, is the fact that by him, and by him alone, in the Roman Catholic Church the posture of sitting has been, at least till comparatively modern times, retained intact, and in modern times is still, if not retained, yet kept in remembrance and partially represented.

It is one of the most curious circumstances of this curious practice, that amongst Roman Catholics themselves there should be not only the most conflicting evidence as to the fact, but even entire ignorance as to the practice ever having existed. In a recent number of the leading Roman Catholic journal (the *Dublin Review*), the statement that such a practice prevailed was asserted to be "the purest romance;" and though in a subsequent number this expression was courteously withdrawn, yet the fact was still denied, and it appeared that there were even well-instructed Roman Catholics who had never heard of its existence. This obscurity on the matter, as well as

¹ Casalius, "De Veteribus Sacris Christianorum Ritibus," pp. 418, 420.

² Ibid. p. 419.

³ It is probably that these practices originated in the fear of poison in the elements. The "Credence" table is a relic of the same dreadful suspicion.

⁴ It is hardly necessary to say that these peculiarities of usage belong to the Pope only as Pope. On ordinary days he communicates like any other priest.

¹ The trumpets blown at the entrance of the Pope into St. Peter's forms an apparent exception to this rule.

the warmth of feeling which the mere indication of the fact called forth, may perhaps show that it is regarded as of more importance than would at first sight appear; or, at any rate, may serve as a justification for a more careful statement of the authorities on both sides of the question.

1. The Roman Liturgies themselves have no express statement on the subject. They all agree in directing that the Pope retires to his lofty seat—"ad sedem eminentem"—behind the altar, and there remains. Some of them add that he "stands" waiting for the subdeacon to approach with the sacred elements; but beyond this, with the exceptions hereafter to be noticed, there is no order given.

2. The earliest indication of the Pope's position to which a reference is found is in St. Bonaventura (1221—1274), on Psalm xxi.: "Papa quando sumit corpus Christi in missâ solemnî, sumit omnibus videntibus, nam *sedens in cathedra*, se convertit ad populum" (Opp. vol. i. pp. 111, 112); and that this was understood to mean that he communicated sitting appears from the marginal note of the edition of Bonaventura published by order of Sixtus V. (1230—1296), "*Papa quare communicet sedens.*"

Durandus, in his "Rationale" (iv. § 4, 5, p. 203), and the "Liber Sacrarum Cærimoniarum" (p. 102), use nearly the same words: "Ascendens ad sedem eminentem ibi communicat." This expression, though it would suggest that the Pope was seated, does not of necessity imply it. But the "Liber Sacrarum Cærimoniarum," although at Christmas (p. 133) it describes the Pope immediately after his ascension of the chair as "*ibi stans*," when it speaks of Easter (p. 176) expressly mentions the posture of sitting as at least permissible. "Comunionem facta, Papa surgit, si communicando *selebit.*"

Cardinal Bona (Rer. Lit. ii. c. 17, 88; iii. p. 395)—than whom there is no higher authority—writes: "Summus Pontifex cum solemniter celebrat *sedens* communicat hoc modo."¹

Martene (1654—1789), "De Ant. Eccl. Rit." i. 4, 10, p. 421, states that "Romæ summus Pontifex celebrans in suâ *sede consistens* seipsum communicabat. Postea accedebant episcopi et presbyteri ut a pontifice communionem accipiant, episcopi quidem stantes ad *sedem pontificis*, presbyteri verò ad *altare genibus flexis.*"

The obvious meaning of this passage is that the Pope remains ("*consistens*")² in his place, sitting; whilst the other clergy, according to their ranks, assume the different postures described, the bishops standing, the presbyters kneeling. And this is the view taken of it by Moroni, the chamberlain and intimate friend of the late Pope Gregory XVI., who cites these words as showing "che in Roma il Papa *communicavasi sedendo nel suo trono*" (Dizionario, vol. xv. p. 126).

It is hardly necessary to confirm these high Roman authorities by the testimony of Protestant Ritualists. But that it was the received opinion amongst such writers that the Pope sits, appears from the unhesitating assertions to this effect by Bingham, Neale, and Maskell.

3. To these great liturgical authorities on the *theory* of the Papal posture may be added, besides Moroni (whose words just cited may be taken as a testimony to the practice of the late Pope), the following witnesses to the *usage* of modern times.

The Rev. J. E. Eustace, the well-known Roman Catholic traveller through Italy, says: "When the Pope is seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture." Eustace mentions the practice with some repugnance, and adds,—"Benedict XIII. could never be prevailed upon to conform to it, but always remained standing at the altar, according to the usual practice" (Eustace's *Travels*, ii. 170).

¹ A question has been raised as to the authority on which the Cardinal puts forth his statement. But this does not touch the authority of the Cardinal himself.

² The word itself means simply "keeping his place."

Archbishop Gerbet, who has the credit of having instigated the recent "Sylabus," and whose work on "Rome Chrétienne," is expressly intended as a guide to the antiquities of Christian Rome, writes as follows:—

"Le Pape descend de l'autel, traverse le sanctuaire et monte au siège pontifical. Là, à demi assis, quoique incliné par respect, il communie," &c. "*L'attitude du Pape et cette communion multiple retracent la première communion des Apôtres assis à la table du Sauveur.*" (Rome Chrétienne, ii. 86, 87.)

The passage is the more interesting as Gerbet's reference to the original attitude shows his belief that it was the retention of the primitive practice.

An English traveller, a careful observer, thus speaks of the sacrament on Easter Day, 1868:—"I have a very distinct recollection of the part of the ceremony about which you question me. The Pope was seated at the end. The paten and chalice were carried to him from the altar; and it strikes me very forcibly, but I cannot state it on oath, that he remained sitting whilst receiving the Sacrament."

4. This mass of testimony might be thought sufficient to establish so simple a fact. But it will be observed that there is a slight wavering in the statement of Martene and of Gerbet; and this variation is confirmed by the silence or by the express contradiction of other authorities, not indeed so high, but still of considerable weight.

It is stated that in the "Ordo" of Urban VIII., after the adoration of the sacred elements the Pope immediately rises, "*statim surgit*;" and that Crispus, who was sub-deacon to Clement XI., says, "*in cathedrâ stans et veluti erectus in cruce sanguinem sugit.*" These same authorities, with Catalani, also state that after the communion "the Pope takes his mitre and sits down," "*sumptâ mitrâ sedet*," or "*accipit mitram et sedens*," &c. It is also said to be mentioned as a peculiarity that on Easter Day, 1481, Sixtus IV. was obliged by infirmity to sit down during the communion at High

Mass, which, if so be, would imply that it was not the usual posture.

Dr. Bagge (in his book on the Pontifical Mass, 1840) states that "the Pope does not receive sitting, as Eustace and others assert. When the sub-deacon has reached the throne the Pope adores the Sacred Host, the cardinal-deacon then takes the chalice and shows it to the Pope and the people It is carried from the deacon to the Pope, who, having adored, remains standing."¹

5. Between these contradictory statements there is a middle view, which probably contains the solution of the enigma, and is to be found in the statements of two authorities, which for this reason are reserved for the conclusion.

The first is Roeca (1545—1620), who was chosen corrector of the press of the "Sixtine Bible, and is said to have excelled all others in ecclesiastical knowledge; and who, on account of his perfect acquaintance with rubrics and the Liturgies, was appointed Apostolic Commentator by Pope Clement VIII."²

He writes as follows (in his "Thesaurus Rituum," in the "Commentarium de Sacra S. Pontificis communione," 20): "*Dicitur autem Summus Pontifex sedere dum communicat, vel quia ipse antiquitus in communicando sedebat, vel quia sedentis instar communicabat, sicut præsens in tempus fieri solet.* Summus namque Pontifex ad solium, stans non sedens, ad majorem venerationem representandam, ipsi tamen solio, populo universo spectante, *innixus, et incurvus, quasi sedens communicat*, Christum Dominum cruci affixum, in eaque quodam modo reclinantem representans."

The other is Pope Benedict XIV. (1740-1758), who thus writes in his treatise "De Sacrosancto Missæ Sacrificio,"

¹ These quotations, which I have not been able to verify, are taken from the statements of the writer in the *Dublin Review*, April 1869, pp. 514, 515.

² *Dublin Review*, April 1869, p. 516. The same passage extracts from the sentence quoted in the text, "*Summus Pontifex ad solium stans, non sedens*," but omits all that precedes and all that follows.

lib. ii. c. 21, § 7: "Illud autem prætermitti non potest, Romanos quosdam Pontifices in *solemni Missa in solio sedentes, facie ad populum conversa, Eucharistiam sumere consuevisse*, ut Christi Passio et Mors experimeretur, qui pro palam passus et mortuus est in conspectu omnium, quotquot nefarie Crucifixioni adfuertamen (!) vero Summum Pontificem, cum solemnem celebrat Missam, se aliosque communicare facie quidem ad populum conversa, sed pedibus stantem in solio, corpore tamen inclinato, cum et ipse suscipit, aliisque præbet Eucharistiam. . . . Hinc est quamobrem Pontifex populo, procul et exadverso in faciem eum adspicienti, *videatur sedens communicare*, ut bene observabat post S. Bonaventuram Rocca de solemni communionem Summi Pontificis et Casalius de veteribus 'Sacris Christianorum Ritus,' cap. 81, p. 333, ed. Rom. 1647."

From these two statements it appears that the Popes in ancient times sat whilst communicating, but that from the close of the sixteenth century they usually stood in a leaning or half-sitting posture.

To these must be added a further statement of Pope Benedict XIV. in a letter addressed in 1757 to the Master of the Pontifical Ceremonies, on the general question of the lawfulness, under certain circumstances, of celebrating Mass in a sitting posture.

The general cases which raise the question are of gout and the like; but in the course of the discussion the Pope describes some particulars respecting his predecessors bearing on the present subject.

Pius III. was elected to the Pontificate (in 1503) when he was still only a deacon. He was ordained priest on the 1st of October, and on the 8th of October he himself celebrated Mass as Pope. On both of these occasions (being troubled by an ulcer in the leg) he sat during the whole ceremony; a seat was solemnly prepared, in which he was to sit, and the altar arranged in the form of a long table, under which he might stretch his legs ("sedem in qua sedens extensis

"cruribus ordinaretur, et mensam longam pro altari ut pedes subtus extendi possent.") It also appears that in the Papal chapel it is considered generally that the Pope has liberty to sit whilst he administers the elements to his court. It appears, further, that (also without any reference to special cases) the Pope sits during the ceremony of his ordination as sub-deacon, deacon, and presbyter, if he has been elected to the Pontificate before such ordination; and that the fact of this posture during the Holy Communion was considered by Benedict XIV. to cover the question generally. It will be sufficient to quote the passage which relates to the ordination of a Pope as priest. "In collatione sacerdotii *sedens Pontifex* manuum impositionem, olei sancti, quod catechumenorum dicitur, unctionem, calicem cum vino et aquæ, et patinam cum hostia, recipit. Quæ omnia luculenter ostendunt haud *inconueniens esse sedere Pontificem in functionibus sacratissimis*, utque eo *ipso Missam totam a sedente* posse celebrari, *præsertim si pedibus debilitatis insistere non valcat.*" He concludes with this pertinent address on his own behalf to the Master of the Ceremonies:—"Et, si quidem *sedentes* missam celebrare statumus, tuum erit preparare mensam altaris cum consecrato lapide," &c. "vacuumque sub altare spatium relinquatur extendendis pedibus idoneum; confidentes singula dexteritati tue singulari perficienda, apostolicam tibi benedictionem peramanter impertimur."¹

6. The conclusion, therefore, of the whole matter must be this. In early times,

¹ Opp. xvii. 474, 489. It will be observed that the acceptance of the chalice and paten by the Pope at his ordinations is not of itself the Communion. It must be further noticed that the Pope in thus writing makes this qualification: "Cum Romanus Pontifex solemniter celebrat, . . . recipit sacram Eucharistiam sub speciebus panis et vini stans, neque sedens communicat, prout per errorem scripserunt aliqui, viderique potest tom. ii. *Tract. Nostri de Sac. Missæ*, sect. i. c. 20, § 1." It is a curious example of what may be called "the audacity" which sometimes charac-

probably down to the reign of Sixtus V. (as indicated in the marginal note on St. Bonaventura), the position of the Pope was sitting, as a venerable relic of primitive ages. Gradually, as appears from the words of Eustace, the value of this tenacious and interesting adherence to the ancient usage was depreciated in comparison with its apparent variation from the general sentiment, as expressed in the standing posture of priests and the kneeling attitude of the communicants, and it would seem that before the end of the sixteenth century the custom had been in part abandoned. But with that remarkable tenacity of ecclesiastical usages, which retains particles of such usages when the larger part has disappeared, the ancient posture was not wholly given up. As the wafer and the chalice are but minute fragments of the ancient Supper—as the standing posture of the priests is a remnant of the standing posture of devotion through the whole Christian Church—as the standing posture of the English clergyman during part of the Communion Service is a remnant of the standing posture of the Catholic clergy through the whole of it—as the sitting posture of the earlier Popes was a remnant of the sitting or recumbent posture of the primitive Christian days,—so the partial attitude of the present Popes is a remnant of the sitting posture of their predecessors. It is a compromise between the ancient historical usage and modern decorum. The Pope's attitude, so we gather from Rocca and Benedict IV., and also from Archbishop Gerbet, is neither of standing nor of sitting. He goes to his lofty chair, he stands till the sub-deacon comes, he bows himself down in adoration as the Host approaches. Thus far all are agreed, though it is evi-

terises expressions of Pontifical opinion, that the very passage to which Benedict XIV., in the last year of his life, thus referred to as "an erroneous statement," of the Pope's "sitting at the Communion," contains his own assertion that "some of the Roman Pontiffs in solemn mass were accustomed to receive the Eucharist sitting." In fact, it is difficult to reconcile the statement in the letter just quoted with the passages which are quoted in the text.

dent that at a distance any one of those postures might be taken, as it has by some spectators, for the posture at the act of communion. But in the act of communion, as far as we can gather from the chief authorities, he is in his chair, facing the people, leaning against the back of the chair, so as not to abandon entirely the attitude of sitting—sufficiently erect to give the appearance of standing, with his head and body bent down to express the reverence due to the sacred elements. This complex attitude would account for the contradictions of eye-witnesses, and the difficulty of making so peculiar a compromise would perhaps cause a variation in the posture of particular Popes, or even of the same Pope on particular occasions. What to one spectator would seem standing, to another would seem sitting, and to another might seem kneeling.

This endeavour to combine a prescribed attitude either with convenience or with a change of sentiment is not uncommon. One parallel instance has been often adduced in the case of the Popes themselves. In the great procession on Corpus Christi Day, when the Pope is carried in a palanquin round the Piazza of St. Peter, it is generally believed that, whilst he appears to be in a kneeling attitude, the cushions and furniture of the palanquin are so arranged as to enable him to bear the fatigue of the ceremony by sitting; whilst to the spectators he appears to be kneeling.¹ Another parallel is to be found from another point of view, in one of the few other instances in which the posture of sitting has been retained, or rather adopted, namely in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. There the attitude of sitting was rigidly prescribed. But, if we may trust an account of the Scottish Sacrament, believed to be as accurate as it is poetic, the posture of the devout Presbyterian peasant as nearly as possible corresponds to that which Rocca, Gerbet, and Benedict XIV. give of the Pope's present attitude—"innixus," "in-

¹ See the minute account of an eye-witness in 1830 in Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, ii. 469.

curvus inclinatio corpore," "à demi assis," "une profonde inclination de corps":—

"There they sit
 In reverence meet
 Many an eye to heaven is lifted,
 Meek and very lowly.
 Souls bowed down with reverent fear.
 Hoary-headed elders moving,
 Bear the hallowed bread and wine,
 While devoutly still the people
 Low in prayer bow the head."¹

Several conclusions are suggested by this brief essay:—

1. It is interesting to observe this ancient usage becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, yet still not entirely extinguished: reduced from recumbency to sitting, from the sitting of all to the sitting of a single person, from the sitting of a single person to the doubtful reminiscence of his sitting, by a posture half-sitting, half-standing.

2. In the requirements of some amongst ourselves for more precise ritual uniformity, it is instructive to notice the vague and contradictory state of the ancient Roman rubrics on a point which in modern times has been deemed of importance sufficient to rend Churches asunder. No member of the Roman Church can point to any rubric which certainly prescribes the posture of its supreme head at the most solemn moment of its worship.

3. The recent controversy on the subject is curious as showing how, even within the limits of the same Church, two streams of tradition and sentiment can run so entirely unknown to each other, as those which this inquiry has brought before us.

4. There is a peculiar charm in observing (as was pointed out in the

original notice of this practice) how the two extremes of the Christian Church—the Pope on the one side and the Presbyterians and the Puritans on the other—have been brought together in these sacred forms in the time of Innocent III., and, to a certain extent, even in the times of Gregory XVI. and Pius IX.

5. The compromise of the Pope's actual posture is a characteristic specimen of that "singular dexterity" which Benedict XIV. attributes to his Master of the Ceremonies, and which has so often marked the proceedings of the Roman court. To have devised a posture by which, as on the festival of Corpus Christi, the Pope can at once sit and kneel; or—as in the cases mentioned by Pope Benedict XIV.—an arrangement by which the Pope, whilst sitting, can "stretch his legs in the vacant space under the altar"; or, as in the case we have been considering, a position of standing so as to give the appearance of sitting, and sitting so as to give the appearance of standing—is a minute example of the subtle genius of that institution which could produce a syllabus capable of being explained by one high authority in the sense of the extreme Ultramontanes, and by another high authority in the sense of modern progress; or which could, in parting with the troops of the French Emperor, deliver that ingenious combination of insults under the form of blessings—"They say he is ill; I pray for his health. They say he is uneasy in his conscience; I pray for his soul." As the practice itself is a straw, indicating the movement of primitive antiquity, so the modern compromise is a straw, indicating the movement of the Roman Church in later times.

¹ Kilmahoe; and other Poems. By J. C. Shairp.